

FITZ HUGH
ST. LAIR

THE SOUTH

REBEL

CAROLINA

BOY

MRS.

SALLIE F.

CHAPIN

ILLUSTRATED

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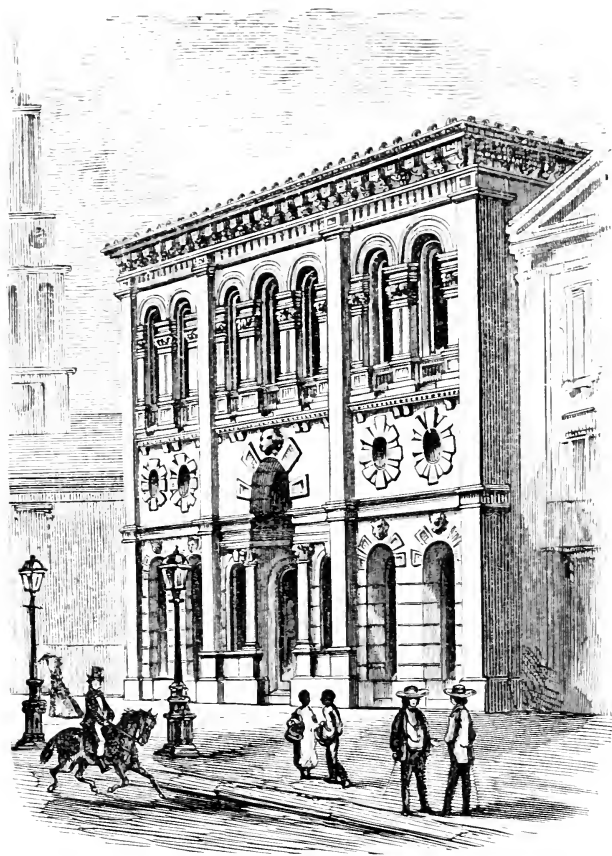
July 10, 1898

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FITZ-HUGH ST. CLAIR.





THE SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTE OR SECESSION HALL. — *Frontispiece.*

FITZ-HUGH ST. CLAIR,

THE SOUTH CAROLINA REBEL BOY;

OR,

IT IS NO CRIME TO BE BORN A GENTLEMAN.

BY

MRS. SALLIE F. CHAPIN.

"The right of strict social discrimination of all things and persons, according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious Republican privileges. . . . I insist on my Democratic liberty of choice, and go for the man with the gallery of Family Portraits against the one with the twenty-five cent daguerreotype, unless I find out the last is the better of the two."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



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TO THE
Children of the Southern Confederacy,

Whose Fathers were Brave, and True enough to fight for the Principles they believed to be right; I dedicate my LITTLE BOOK. These Brave Fathers fell (many of them) upon Blood-Stained Battle Fields, and in Fame's broad Pantheon, have failed to gain that Immortality, which short-sighted man bestows; yet we, who loved them, and the Glorious Cause, in which they perished, intend to protest, and we do still protest, and shall never cease protesting, against the judgment that would consign their precious memories to oblivion.

Heroes of a "Lost Cause" true they are: but that cause was ours, and we can never forget, that their living bodies, and beating hearts, were our bulwarks on many a hard-fought Battle Field; and they have gone to their graves in bloody shrouds, for our sakes. But they died, as Brave Men love to die, IN DEFENCE OF THE RIGHT; their deeds are

"Worthie on Fame's eternall bead-roll to be fyled,"

and every line written in this book, calls upon you (their children) to emulate their valor; and sacredly to cherish their memories while life lasts; and above all, to do nothing to disgrace the names, which they made illustrious, and in dying bequeathed to you, as a priceless legacy, to be handed down — without blemish — to the latest generation.

There was not a single deed, in the unequal struggle, in which they were engaged, of which you ought not to be proud, for although the flag of the Southern Confederacy, was furled in defeat, no stain of dishonor, sullies the virgin purity of its folds; and one day, the world will acknowledge that it was laid away to mould, only because

We were Outnumbered! Not Outbraved!

SALLIE F. CHAPIN.

CHARLESTON, S. C.



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FITZ-HUGH ST. CLAIR.

CHAPTER I.

BOYS, AND WHAT THEY ARE GOOD FOR.

DON'T you wish you were a girl?" asked little curly-headed Lillie of a sullen-looking boy, whose angry countenance plainly indicated entire dissatisfaction, either with his sex or something else.

"Do I wish I was a girl?" repeated Willie, in the most contemptuous tone. "Of course I do not, and I can't imagine what could have put such a stupid notion into your head, Lillie. If it will be any satisfaction for you to know, let me inform you that if the choice were given me either to be a girl, or a horse, I should not hesitate a second, but would trot into the stable right away. I have such a contempt for feminine gender children that I wish there was not one in the world."

"You don't say so, Mr. Gallantry; why, you would make a good Moslem. But it is not often, Mr. Turk,

that people come so near having their wishes gratified; for, if you are not a horse, you are a fair specimen of his long-eared cousin. I suppose, to carry out the idea, you wish your gentle mamma was a great, burly, big-whiskered six-footer like your papa, and your little sisters had all been born brothers, as amiable and interesting as yourself," said Kate Lee, the most sprightly and beautiful girl in town, who had offended Willie, and for whom his spiteful remarks were intended.

"No, Miss Smartness, I wish no such thing; for my mother and sisters are not all the time cutting their wit at people as you are. Another thing, I was not speaking to you, but to Lillie, and it is very meddling in you to take up my remarks. I would mind my own business if I were you, and not interfere with other people."

"There, I would not copy you, Will, for I think you would be meddling on a grand scale to exterminate the whole race of women (except the feminines of your own family), as you pretend you would like to do. Why, my dear child, you have not thought of the result of such a wiping out. Surely, Campbell's world without a s(u)n would be a paradise compared to the world you would make without a daughter. No, better let things be as they are, Willie, for if there were no girls in this world I am afraid you would follow the example of that illustrious cry-baby we read about in our history this morning, and go to whining 'for another world'—one with g-u-r-r-l-s in it."

"You are very much mistaken, Miss Conceit, if you entertain any such idea."

"Excuse me, my name is Lee — Miss Kate Lee, at your service, and neither Miss Smartness nor Miss Conceit."

"Yes, and Miss Kate Lee it would always remain if it depended on me —"

"Which it don't," said the torment; "my last rejection of your suit was final. But, come, don't be so spiteful, we girls have beaten you in a fair fight. Boys are helpless, inefficient creatures, although you think it such an honor to have been born a masculine gender child. You don't s(c)w as girls do, consequently you cannot reap as they have done. But you can't help it; it all comes of your being boys, and it is simply pre-pos-ter-ous for boys to pretend to keep pace with girls in energy, or indeed anything else, so stop your unmanly whining, and do as the newspapers are continually preaching up to the grown folks to do — 'accept the situation;' it is a good plan when there's nothing else to accept, and you are obliged to accept it, whether you will or not."

"Katie darling," said little Lillie, "don't you, in fact, like boys? I do think they are real nice, only they don't know how to do anything."

"Don't they, pet?" said Kate, laughing heartily at the unconscious endorsement the little innocent was giving to the charges she had just made. "Their being so useless is the very reason Katie don't like them; you stumbled right on the truth, you wise little Lillie, you."

“What in the world have the boys been doing, Miss Kate, to have rendered themselves so obnoxious to you?” asked a graceful, handsome boy, who had entered the academy while the contest of words between Kate and Willie was going on.

“What have they been doing? Fitz, you surely didn’t mean to ask that question, did you? Boys doing! Why, did you ever know them guilty of doing anything useful?”

“Most assuredly I have. Why should they not? they are capable of doing anything in the world they please.”

“I grant that; but when, my dear friend, does it ever ‘please’ a boy to do anything, except monopolize the spare moments of his poor, tired mother, in darning, patching, making and cleaning clothes for the great, lazy fellow to loaf around in; yet, if we girls only ask one of the young gentlemen of elegant leisure to ‘do an errand for us,’ or in any way relieve us of one of the thousand duties we are called upon daily to perform, they immediately fall back upon their reserved rights, and, with great dignity, coolly inform us they ‘are not girls,’ as if it would be any disgrace to them if they were.”

“Indeed, Katie, I disagree with you entirely,” said Rena St. Clair, the sister of Fitz, “and you would not speak as you do if you had such a dear, good brother as I have. Why, there is not a day passes that mamma does not say she ‘could not get along at all without our dear Fitz,’ and he is a boy. He gets up at dawn, and — ”

"Stop! stop! stop! you dear, partial, little sister, you," said Fitz, coming up behind her, and putting both hands over her mouth, "have you no mercy? Don't you know Fitz is your brother, and your testimony cannot be unbiassed; besides, Miss Kate is talking of 'boys,' not brothers, for she is fortunate enough not to be annoyed with a brother."

"I never saw but one that I would not consider an annoyance," replied Kate.

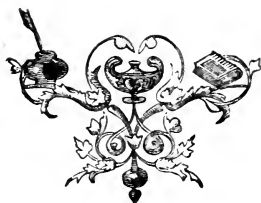
"We all know who that is," said Willie, glancing knowingly at Fitz; "but we are not so sure, Katie, that 'a brother' is the kinship you would like to have established between you; that would preclude a 'nearer one still and a dearer,' you know," and he laughed triumphantly, as he saw he was not misunderstood, and had succeeded (for the first time in his life) in placing at a disadvantage the incorrigible tease.

"I will not condescend to answer your impertinent insinuation," she replied, with crimson cheek and flashing eye; "for I do not think I am at all singular in appreciating merit, particularly when as in this case it is rendered so conspicuous by contrast with inefficiency and impudence," and, so saying, she left the room.

"Willie, you surely forgot you were speaking to a young lady," said Fitz.

"No, I did not, Fitz; but I am sorry I victimized you, old fellow. Why, I have made you blush like a girl. The fact is, Kate provokes me until I scarcely know what I am saying or doing, half the time I am

with her, and that abominable report she read to-day would have exasperated an angel. I could not resist the temptation to pay her off, even at your expense ; so, excuse me, for I would not have hit you if you had not been standing right between me and the game I was trying to bring down."





CHAPTER II.

THE HIVE OF BUSY BEES.

THE precocious young people, to whom we were introduced in the preceding chapter, were in attendance at a juvenile "Soldiers' Relief Society," which was holding its weekly meeting in the Female Academy. It was at the commencement of the war, when the entire State, from mountain to seaboard, was intensely excited. Young and old, great and small, rich and poor, white and black, bond and free, the scalawag of to-day and the true man, all talked "secession" then, and were eager to shed their own, or somebody else's blood. The brave men who were in the army, risking their lives in defence of a cause we believed so just and holy, had the sympathy of all, and societies for their relief were organized in every city, town, and village.

"People gave who never gave before,
And those who always gave, now gave the more."

Our little folk called their society "The Hive of

Busy Bees," and one part of their Constitution read thus :

"No person over sixteen years of age will, under any circumstances, be permitted to join this Society."

The very first act under this rule was the election of Miss Birch, their teacher, a maiden of sixty, first as a member, and subsequently as their President. This procedure removed every lingering doubt as to the genuineness of their Constitution, for George Wilson, who loved to use big words, said it was the very "fact smiley" of the Constitution of the United States; to which Miss Birch, with an arch look, replied, "and quite as elastic. However, constitutions, to suit everybody, ought to be made to mean different things to different people, and everybody ought to be allowed to construe them to suit their peculiar circumstances. So I guess, children, the difference between sixteen and sixty is not too great to be reconciled. If the discrepancy had occurred in the Constitution of the United States, it would not have been deemed worthy of a consideration, so we will follow that example, and if we get in a tight place we will do as Congress does, and as you boys do to your kites, tack on a bob, and call it an amendment; for bobs and amendments answer the same purpose — they make whatever they are tacked on to go up as high as a kite."

Little Lillie had been quietly listening to the above conversation, and seemed to be revolving a problem in her mind which she was not able satisfactorily to demonstrate. At last she spoke out, and said, "Miss Birch, how old is you?"

"Why, Lillie, I am sixteen," replied Miss Birch; "did you think I was not old enough to join your Society, little pet? I was sixteen so long ago I have almost forgotten it."

"Yes, and you have been sixteen a good many times since, I 'spect, haven't you, Miss Birch?" said the little philosopher, wagging her head.

"Yes, darling, every sixteen years since."

"And I am not six yet. When I am sixteen, will I have to begin over and be one? Mamma don't do that way. She gets one year older every year, she says, and papa, too; and great-grandma is ever so old; I 'spect she is 'most a thousand."

"Dear, dear me! what an old lady she must be, to be sure; older than Methuselah, who was only nine hundred and sixty-nine," said Miss Birch.

"Yes, her name is in the same Bible with Methuselum's, because papa went to the Bible the other day, and he said great-grandma's age was in the Bible."

At this the children laughed heartily, and Miss Birch called the Society to order.

Willie Wagner proposed that "the dues of the Society should be paid in Confederate money," and the President requested all in favor of the motion to raise their right hands. Up went every hand, and it seemed as if the whole Hive were about to take flight. Such as were not quite certain which was their right hand raised each alternately, for fear of losing their vote. By the payment of one dollar they became members of the Society. Tommy Tucker had two one-dollar bills

on the Bank of Charleston. He offered one in payment of his dues, but it was refused. With quivering lip, and tears running down his cheeks, he said, "I will give you both of my two dollars, if you will only let me join."

But the Society was incorrigible. Nothing but Confederate money would be tolerated by the little patriots.

It was a terrible disappointment to poor Tom, but there was no help for it. He was among children, and there is no "running with the hare and holding with the hound" among them. If he had only been among grown people, some one would certainly have offered to shave his bill for him, or lend him the amount at five per cent. a month. As it was he had to run home and exchange his bills.

The Society had been organized just two months when our story commenced, and it was Kate Lee's "monthly report" as Secretary and Treasurer that had so offended Willie Chisolm. The fact is, the boys, up to date, had done nothing in the world but pay their admission fees, while the girls had handed into the treasury twenty dollars, which, by their industry, they had earned. The report read thus: "The Treasurer has in hand twenty dollars, avails of work manufactured and sold by the young ladies. The young gentlemen have honored the Society with their presence, and if they will reduce the honor to its cent. per cent. valuation in dollars and cents (which is the currency of this association), we will be happy to place it to their

credit on the books of the Society." The girls had not concealed from the boys the fact that they considered them "the drones" in the Hive, and never left an opportunity unimproved to impress them with a sense of their worthlessness; but this report was the culmination of their disgrace. They were mortified to death, and sat twirling their hats, groping in their pockets, and looking, for all the world, like the

"Four-and-twenty fiddlers, all in a row."

To say "they were satisfied" with simply holding their membership would be doing them injustice; they were anxious to do something, but what, they did not know.

It was the first meeting Fitz-Hugh St. Clair had attended, and the boys hailed his presence with delight, and urged him to join them.

"What! place my name upon such a roll of infamy?" he asked, laughingly; "the inducement is certainly great."

"Yes," they all said, "but with you to plan for us, Fitz, what can we not do? Only consent to lead us, and we will follow you, as Stonewall Jackson said he would Lee—'with eyes shut.' So come, old fellow, raise the battle-flag and lead us to victory."

"What flag are you under now?" asked Kate.

"The white flag, and we plead for quarter," replied Fitz.

"Granted, provided that if our positions, by the fortunes of war, should become reversed, you will not

raise the black flag. You know my opinion of boys; they become arrogant upon a very small capital."

"We will try, Miss Kate, and be at least as magnanimous as you have been."

"Magnanimous! P-h-e-w!" whistled Will, "you had better say rantankerous; but, old lady, our day is coming, and I warn you, beware of the 'ides of March.'"

"I sha'n't forget there is a Richmond in the field, Will. But we shall see what we shall see, and until then I am yours most respectfully," and, courtesying very low, she left the boys to plan their campaign.





CHAPTER III.

THE SECOND MONTHLY REPORT OF THE SOCIETY.

FITZ-HUGH ST. CLAIR was a manly, noble boy, and a universal favorite. The girls admired his beauty, the boys his bravery, mothers trusted their sons with him, and held him up as an example for imitation; and all agreed he was the best boy in town. No one ever saw him with a cigar in his mouth, or heard him use profane language. In conversing, he looked you in the face, as though he would say, "I have nothing to conceal; look right through my eyes into my breast, and see for yourself."

He had been reared in great affluence, but by pious and intelligent parents, who had taught him to

"Consider the day lost, whose low, descending sun
Saw by his hand no deed of duty done."

When the boys met to consult as to the ways and means of extricating themselves from the dilemma into which their laziness had brought them, Fitz rated them soundly for their listlessness and want of energy,

and only consented to become a member of the Society on condition that they went immediately to work, with might and main, and left no effort unemployed to place themselves in a proper position before the young ladies.

They were willing to do, or promise, anything in the world, and entering into all of his plans they caught his inspiration, and were only surprised that some of his suggestions "had not presented themselves," they seemed so simple.

The girls looked forward to the next report-day with considerable anxiety, and, it must be acknowledged, not without a few misgivings, as to their being able to bear off the honors as they had previously done. That the boys were hard at work, somewhere, and at something, was certain, for they were no longer met loafing at the street-corners; but no efforts of the girls could find out their whereabouts or employment.

At last the important day arrived; curiosity was on tiptoe. There was a quiet twinkle in the eyes of the boys, and a look which seemed to say, "We are not afraid of you to-day, girls."

"How much have you boys earned?" was asked a dozen times by the inquisitive girls, but the answer given was invariably, "Fitz is our treasurer, you must ask him;" and he, most provokingly, staid away until the meeting had commenced.

"I would like to have your report, Fitz," said Kate, in a tone decidedly more subdued than was usual with her.

"Sure enough, this is report-day," said he, in the coolest manner imaginable, just as though he had not made it an era, from which they would in future date. "Let me see," said he, "if I have not left my account at home," and he felt first in one pocket, and then in the other, while the boys, with eyes as big as saucers, looked the admiration they felt for one so infinitely superior to them as to be entirely self-sustained, while they could scarcely keep their seats. "Here it is," said he, at last, taking it from the pocket he had first explored, and, with a quiet smile, handing it to Kate, who read:

"The boys desire to hand in to the treasurer the sum of \$60.30," (a large amount, if it had not been Confederate money).

"By the request of the young ladies they have 'reduced to its cent. per cent. value' their services for the past two months, and find the amount as reported."

It was a study to see the amused look with which Fitz regarded Kate, as she read the report. When she concluded, he said, "Will the secretary be kind enough to inform the boys how much they now lack of reaching the amount brought in by the young ladies."

"Nothing at all, Mr. Innocence," she replied, in a quick, nervous manner. "Your triumph is complete. You have \$16.00 more in the treasury than we have. I congratulate you upon your success."

"You are not very enthusiastic in your congratulations, Katie, and you seem as anxious to change

Master St. Clair's name as you pretended I was to change yours. I told you, you were mistaken in saying you wanted Fitz for a brother," said Will, the incorrigible.

"At all events, I was not mistaken in calling you 'insolent,' Willie. I don't see what you are putting on such airs for. You are presuming on another's capital, for you boys were all lying like capsized turtles on your backs, until Fitz came to the rescue, and, by his tact and energy, put you all on your feet."

"Yes; but once we did get on our feet, we went it, you are obliged to admit, Katie, and it was history repeating itself — 'the Hare and the Tortoise' over again;" and he jumped and capered, as if he had gone beside himself.

"Is we under the black flag, Katie, because we got beat?" asked Lillie.

"No," said Willie, "you are under the yellow flag, because you are in a declining condition, and your secretary is jealous."

"Don't mind him, Lillie," said Fitz, "it is not so. We are all under one 'glorious flag' — the Confederate flag, and must each do the very best we can to aid the cause it represents. We cannot fight; but we can earn money to buy good weapons for those who are fighting, so that they may not fight at too great a disadvantage."

"Yes, children," said Miss Birch, "you can each one, no matter how small, do something. Do you recollect the verses you learned last Sunday, Lillie? Can you repeat them? They are quite to the point."

“I will try,” said Lillie; and, standing up, she recited, without a single mistake, the following beautiful lines, which we hope every child who reads this book will memorize:

THE TERRIBLE IFS.

If the little cowslip should hang its golden cup,
And say I am such a tiny flower I'd better not grow up,
How many a weary traveller would miss its fragrant smell,
How many a little child would grieve to miss it from the dell.

And if the little breezes, upon a summer day,
Should think themselves too small to cool the traveller on his way,
Who would not miss the softest and gentlest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake, if they were acting so?

So, many deeds of kindness the smallest child may do,
Although it has so little strength, and little wisdom, too;
If it is but in earnest, and works with all its power,
The smallest child will bless the world it lives in every hour.

3 *





CHAPTER IV.

GLENDALRE, GENERAL ST. CLAIR'S ISLAND HOME.

THE St. Clair family were refugees from the coast of South Carolina, near

Where bold Port Royal spreads its mimic sea —
Far in the north, the lengthening bay and sky,
Blent into one, its shining waters lie;
And southward, breaking on the shelving shore,
Meet the sea-wave, and swell its endless roar.
On either hand gay groups of islands show
Their charms reflected in the streams below.
No summer land, no lovelier isles than these,
No happier homes the weary traveller sees.

The stately mansion occupied by General St. Clair's family, at the breaking out of the war, was built upon the ruins of an ancestral home, which had withstood the desolations of the Revolutionary struggle. Every foot of the soil was sacred to him. It was more than a property — it was a record — and bound to his soul by all the traditions of the past. A broad colonnade extended around three sides of the dwelling, and marble steps led from it to the terrace, which extended



GLENDALORE. — Page 30.

to the very edge of the water. A wide hall, with its tessellated floor, divided the lower story, and on either side were suits of apartments, elegantly furnished. In the left wing was a picture-gallery, containing some of the finest pictures on the continent, the collection of over a century, and from both the New and Old worlds.

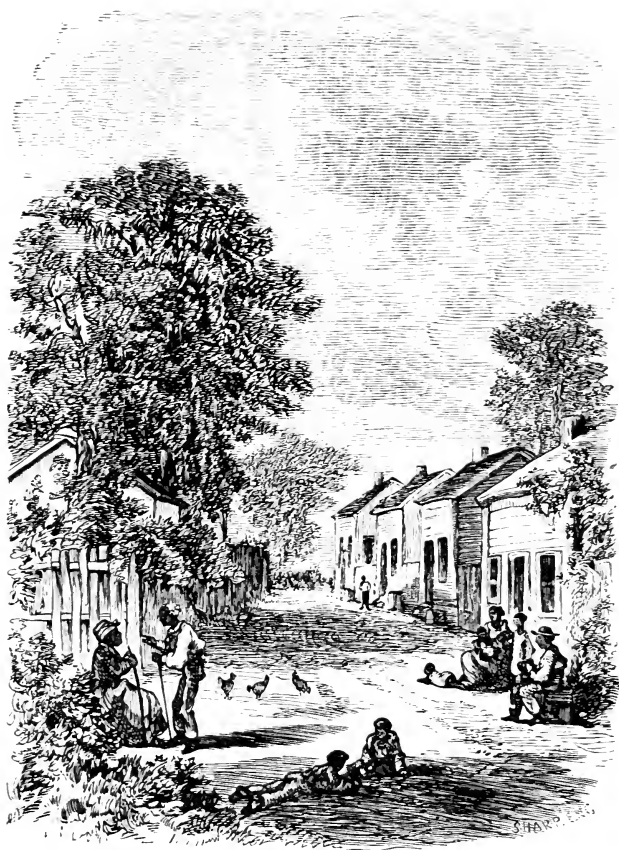
But to all who have visited Glendaire, the library will be the spot to which memory will most lovingly take them, for it was indeed a charming retreat; every taste was gratified, and it was perfect in all its appointments. The richly carved book-cases were filled with the rarest books, while scattered around upon consoles and tables were exquisitely bound magazines, English, French, and Italian. A grand piano and an organ filled the alcoves; the ceilings were lofty, and the walls, with their classical frescoes, were a delicate blue, empanelled in French gray, with gilt beading; the drapery of the windows was in harmony with a carpet of the softest texture, and the most luxurious chairs, divans, and lounges, were ensconced in every nook. Busts of Italian marble looked down from their lofty heights, surrounding cabinet and book-case, and the finest bronzes adorned the mantel. In the bow-windows were well-stocked aquaria, and just outside, hung fancy cages containing mocking-birds, whose wild and inspiring songs were a whole orchestra in themselves. The south portion of this large and elegant apartment had been divided off by French plate-glass doors, and turned into a conservatory; the rarest exotics grew

here, and almost burdened the air with their delicious odor.

Both General and Mrs. St. Clair were accomplished musicians, and I now recall with delight the many twilight hours spent in that grand old library, sitting in a sleepy hollow chair, breathing the perfumed air, and listening to them as they played and sang together. Sad memory now takes me back to the last evening thus spent. Mrs. St. Clair played upon the organ the soprano air from the Messiah — “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” and they sang it together. I had never before heard it so rendered, and I never shall again.

Mrs. St. Clair had been educated abroad, principally in Florence, where her mother’s relatives resided. Her style in music was the tender, impassioned Italian. She never sacrificed expression to execution, and her trills and cadences were like the warblings of a bird.

The grounds surrounding the family mansion were in harmony with it. There were groves of orange and lemon, in which the mock-bird (*Phœbus* of the Woods) trilled her thousand notes the summer long. Magnolias, with their glossy dark leaves lined with brown, and trees of japonicas, over fifteen feet in height, grew, with heliotropes, citrenas, geraniums, and myrtle, in the open air. Patriarchal live-oaks, — the Druids of our Southern woods, — whose gigantic limbs were adorned with a graceful drapery of moss, gave a look of dignity and antiquity, which the gay Pagoda boat-houses could not dispel. The children called their



THE NEGRO QUARTERS AT GLENDAIRE. — *Page 33.*

rustic seats, built in the spreading boughs of the trees, "eyries;" — there they fed their tame squirrels, while pet fawns tinkled their silver bells, as they sported on the lawn below.

About half a mile from the dwelling was a village, containing over one hundred dazzlingly white cottages, each surrounded by a paling fence, enclosing an acre of ground. These cottages were occupied by the slaves belonging to the estate. To each family was allotted a cottage, and they grew their own vegetables, raised their own poultry and pigs, and many of them cultivated a few flowers, of which the colored race are quite fond. In every enclosure, you would find suspended from tall cypress poles a number of calabashes, which furnished homes to thousands of swallows, whose musical twittering was not only pleasant, but useful, for they kept away the hawk from the growing poultry.

"Calm in his peaceful home, the slave prepares
His garden spot, and plies his rustic cares.
The comb and honey that his bees afford,
The eggs in ample gourd compactly stored,
His pigs and poultry, with a huckster's art,
He sells, or barter's at the village mart,
Or at the master's mansion never fails
An ampler price to find, and readier sales."

So sang Grayson, who described "Carolina Plantation Life" as only one of her own sons could, and contrasted the life of the working-class at the South with the miners of England, who herd together in hovels unfit for swine. "Fifty men sleeping in sixteen

beds on the damp earth," and in Devonshire "whole families of six and eight sleeping in one bed;" and a traveller writes that "in White Chapel an empty cask placed along the street would in a few hours find a tenant, while many poor creatures whom I saw were eating with avidity the offal from the gutters," and yet, children, this very same English nation, ignoring its own starving millions, shrieked out in agony over the dreadful sufferings of your fathers' servants, in their clean white cabins, and, in many of the books which they wrote for you to read, they pictured the horrors of slavery, until those of you who were too young to remember the old plantation life are almost brought to believe your parents the savage monsters they painted. Even in our own country this is too much the case, and we can scarcely take up a child's book to read for instruction or pleasure, but that the facts regarding the South are so distorted, we lay it down with disgust; and that brings us to a point in our story where — (although a digression) — I will give my reasons for writing this little book. Sailing up the Hudson a few summers ago, with a party from the South, I was attracted by a little fellow who was reading, with the most intense interest, a book his grandparents had purchased in New York, and given him to read, without first reading it themselves. The little boy was only ten years old, a gentlemanly little fellow, and quite fond of reading. We passed point after point of interest on the river; sometimes he was left entirely alone, while the passengers all went on the other side,

to look at some place we were passing. Boys have always had an attraction for me; I love to study them, and this child was so unlike the wild, romping boys who were on board that day, and were urging him every five minutes to join them, that I took my seat and determined to make his acquaintance. While I sat turning it over in my own mind, whether "I had any right, just for my own pleasure, to interrupt his reading," I saw him knit his brow, clinch his fist, and set his teeth firmly on his lip. I moved over, and took my seat by him. "What are you reading, my son?" I asked. "I am reading a story about the war, and just think," he said, looking up to me, with his brown eyes flashing, "our Confederate soldiers cut down all the trees 'round a pen, and made the Yankee soldiers go in it; then they tied them to a tree, and fastened their eyes open, so the sun could blaze right into them. I never thought they would have done such a thing, did you? It must have been after my papa was killed, for he would never let us be cruel even to an animal. I am ashamed of them, for this book is full of the awfulest things about Southern people. Why, you don't know how they used to do the poor slaves; they would hitch them into ploughs, and make them plough up the ground, instead of using mules," said he, in the most excited manner. "Why, what made them do that?" I asked, "when they could buy twenty mules for the same money that they would have to pay for one good negro, strong enough to draw a plough through a furrow."

He looked at me a minute, and said, "I don't know. What do you think?"

I took the book from him, closed it, and said, "It is a wicked book, full of lies, my son, and it is just such bad books as these that brought on the terrible war, in which your dear, kind father was killed. Women, and men, who want to make money, sit down and write these falsehoods about places, and people, they have never seen, and as long as they can sell their books they do not care how much harm they do. People must have something to read. In this way the Northern people have been taught to look upon the Southern people as a parcel of slave-drivers, and slavery as a system of chains, whips, and tortures; and they have dealt so much in metaphorical fetters, and prisons, that they have actually taught themselves to believe our negroes worked in chains, and lived in dungeons. When Frederika Bremer visited Charleston, years ago, she quite horrified one old auntie by asking her 'if the colored people did not live underground and eat worms?' 'Eat wurrums!' shrieked out Aunt Chloe. 'My God, ole missis, I nebber hear tell ob such a ting in all my life. What dey gwine to eat wurrums for? Wurrums eat colored people, and white people too, after they get under the ground; but I nebber hear tell of no colored pusson eat wurrums.' And she showed so much contempt at the question, that Miss Bremer ventured no further inquiries. Miss Bremer had read just such books as you are reading now, and, being a good and truthful lady herself, she

believed these vile, lying authors, until she came and saw for herself."

"Then why don't our Southern people write us some books?" he asked. "I never could get a 'Child's History of the War,' at home. I had to buy this one in New York." And he handed me an "Illustrated History of the War," written by John Bonner, and published by the Harpers.

I opened it casually, and upon the second page read, that "the people of South Carolina caused the war, because they hated the Union, and wanted to establish a separate nation, in which every white man should own slaves, and live in idleness on the black man's labor, without paying him for it. When a Republican President was elected, these bad and foolish men said the long-wished for pretext had come, and the Union must be dissolved. The Governor (one Gist) called his Legislature, and sent word to them, 'the State ought to secede.' Then one Magrath, a United States judge, who had taken a solemn oath to be faithful to the United States, stripped off his robes in open court, and said, 'United States officers had no business in South Carolina,' &c., &c. . . . The South Carolina Congressmen resigned, which was a good riddance. No one raised a hand to stop these crazy people. The Southern politicians, and the newspapers, inflamed their minds by lying and abusing the North; and whenever a State pretended to secede, the Governors and other ring-leaders fell to robbing the United States," &c.

"The Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb, tried

to ruin the credit of the United States, and when he had done all the mischief he could, he resigned. . . . The Secretary of War, Floyd, stole money and arms, sent them South, and then ran away ;” and so on, in this same style, were all Southern officials represented (or rather misrepresented). “Jefferson Davis was chiefly known as a firm foe to the payment of honest debts.”

“Alexander H. Stephens was a weak politician from Georgia, who had just denounced the rebellion in the strongest terms. . . . The first gun of the war was fired by a crack-brained old man, who fired another shot, after the war, into his own brains.”

“In Mississippi, before the war, it was not thought disgraceful to shoot a man in the street ; to drink from morning until night ; to whip, outrage, and maim women, young girls, and even children, if they were colored.” All this, and a great deal more, I read in this “Popular History,” which (I saw by the papers) was “introduced into all schools, and regarded as the most correct, complete, and interesting history of the Rebellion published.” In another, one of Rene’s new books, in which the author professed to be writing history, there was an account given of the shooting of Willie Shelton, “a bright, beautiful boy of twelve, by order of Colonel Allen, of North Carolina. The poor little fellow clung to the knees of the brutal colonel, and implored him not to have him shot in the face. They tore his hands from their grasp, forced him to stand up, and fired at him, as he stood trembling and

covering his face with his little hands. The face of the poor little child was literally torn to pieces. He was not killed, however, and pleaded piteously with his murderers to spare his life, but, at the command of the Rebel colonel, beastly soldiers dragged him up, tied his little body to a tree, and riddled it with bullets, all because his parents were supposed to be loyal." We have found out since that an account of this fiendish shooting is given almost word for word in Bonner's history also; and yet, after months of correspondence, and the most scrutinizing search for the authenticity of the statements, we are constrained to pronounce the whole narrative a vile fabrication, from beginning to end. Even the characters never existed, except in the fertile imagination of the so-called historian.

"Let us have peace," "Forget the animosities of the past," "Accept the situation," is advice given by the North to the South, in every book, paper, speech, and sermon. It sounds like a mockery to us, who are so earnestly pleading for peace. "Forget the animosities of the past!" They are not past, but are daily being heaped upon us, even when our humiliation, poverty, and oppression might move to pity. "Forget." How gladly would we forget, if they would only permit it. "Accept the situation." Have we not accepted it, with its disgrace, degradation, and torture? At the command of our masters, have we not confiscated, with our own hands, property to the amount of billions, and by the product of our mortgaged cotton-fields helped to pay the debt incurred in our subjugation? What

more must we accept? As History, the books denouncing our sainted dead? Surely, you cannot demand this.

Why, if we should keep silence, while our children were being taught that their hero fathers were "fiends, brutes, thieves, and murderers," the very stones would cry out against us. No, we cannot let our children believe your History of the War, even though taught by some from whom we expected better, and who ought to pity, if they cannot love their poor, suffering people, and not, in the hour of our humiliation, add their influence to the weight of prejudice already so bitter and unrelenting.

At the request of little René we have written this book, and we earnestly beg our boys not to skip the historical part. Every Southern boy ought to be able to defend from defamation the memory of his father, and the brave heroes who fell in defence of "Southern rights," and you cannot do it successfully unless you acquaint yourself with the history of the war, its causes, and the way in which it was carried on. I have consulted, as authority, the best historians, North* as well as South; and if you will carefully read and study what I have written, you will not be duped, as our little Alabama boy was, by authors who, for the sake of making money,

"Cheat with delusive lips the public mind,
Invent the cruelty they fail to find;
Slander in pious garb, with prayer and hymn,
And blast our people's fortunes for a whim."

* Lunt, and I believe one other intelligent, honest historian of the North, has had the courage to be true to history, although they incurred condemnation for it.

And now we will take you back to Glendaire, for we love to write, talk, and think of it as it was, when all was happiness and peace, before the devastations of the dreadful war had made a wilderness of it. Between General St. Clair and his slaves there existed, on the one hand, a kind of sympathizing, protecting care, and, on the other, an affection as devoted and sincere as the clansman to his Highland chief.

About half a mile from the dwelling-house, embosomed in trees, was the "Mission Chapel," as the plantation churches were called. It was not a proud temple, with its marble dome emulating the skies, but a plain, substantial frame building, where owners and slaves met to worship together the Great God who made them.

"No rites of pomp or pride beguiled the soul;
No organ pealed, no clouds of incense roll;
But, line by line, untutored voices raise,
Like the wild birds, their simple notes of praise;
And hearts of love, with true devotion, bring
Incense more pure to Heaven's Eternal King."

"Preaching day," on this plantation, was not Sabbath day, for the clergyman who preached had charge also of the spiritual interests of three other plantations, therefore Sabbath preaching came to Glendaire only every fourth Sunday. But once a week, regularly, on Wednesday, the horn called the hands from the fields, and, after washing themselves, they put on their best clothes, and went to the chapel, where they heard a sermon adapted to their capacities, and the children

were catechized by the missionary, the ladies of the family often becoming his assistants. On Sunday the negroes conducted their own services in their own way, (for upon a large plantation, there were seldom less than half a dozen preachers, or "exhorters.") Sunday was a great day at Glendaire; there was some religious service going on in the chapel from morning until night. Women, as well as men, took part in these exercises, and some of the "experiences" were rich. Old Aunt Charity used to tell how she "had been riding the Gospel Horse eighteen hundred and thirty-three years, and it had never throwed her, 'cept when she fell off herself." One young man, who was censured by his leader for going over to the other plantations on Sunday, instead of hearing his own preachers, said, "My religion ain't no squeezed-up little concern. I am a Methodist with the Methodisses, a Baptist with the Baptisses, and a 'Piscopalian with the 'Piscopals."

"Yes, my brudder," interrupted Aunt Charity, the dairy-maid, "milk nebber does cream till he settle; do think 'pon dat, when you run 'bout so like a gospel-gadder; it ain't 'spectable, brudder."

Negroes sing as naturally as birds, and there is no music this side of the pearly gates more inspiring than I have heard at Glendaire, when several hundred negroes, under the grand old oaks, in sight of the broad ocean, sang "The Old Ship of Zion," their bodies swaying back and forth, and keeping time with the music, the different parts being all carried on and sustained. Well might Lady Murray say: "I never

saw servants in any old English family more comfortable, or more devoted. She declared it "really a relief to see anything so patriarchal, after seeing the saucy, grumbling 'help' in the Northern States."

A pleasure-boat was as indispensable to an island planter as a carriage. The waters abound in every variety of the most delicious fish. One hour on the bay will at any time provide an

"Apician feast
Fit for the table of a prince or priest."

The negroes had their canoes, in which to "go fishing," and nothing could be more romantically delightful than their boat-horns on the water at midnight, or the cheerful boat-songs, to which their oars kept time as they rowed to the oyster-beds. They are a sensual, pleasure-loving people, and under the old plantation police, their pastimes were of necessity all innocent. No drinking or gambling was allowed, but they always had in anticipation some frolic peculiar to the season. In June, with lighted torch, they searched the beach for the turtle, who came up to deposit their eggs in the sand, and were captured by the hundred; or the ringing axe told us they had discovered the luscious storehouse of the bee, and were robbing it of its treasure. In winter, a "possum up the gum-tree," or a "raccoon in the hollow," would be attraction sufficient to keep them up until midnight. These, with "corn shockings," "harvest homes," and the protracted Christmas frolics, gave the old plantation darkies more

seasons of enjoyment than usually fell to any other working class in the world, for

“Nature had, with loving, bounteous hand,
Poured richest blessings on this Southern land.
Magnolias bright, with glossy leaves and flowers,
Fragrant as Eden in its happiest hours;
The gloomy cypress, towering to the skies,
The maple, loveliest in autumnal dyes,
The palm armorial, with its tufted head,
Vines over all in wild luxuriance spread,
And columned pines — a mystic wood one sees,
That sighs, and whispers, to the passing breeze.
In this bright home, how changed the negro's fate!
How much more blessed than in his native state,
Where mummeries dupe, and fetich charms affright,
And rites obscene, diffuse their moral blight;
In sloth and error sunk, for countless years
His race had lived, but light at last appears.
In this South land, religion undefiled
Dawned in the heart of Congo's simple child —
Its glorious truths he hears with glad surprise,
And lifts his eyes with rapture to the skies.”





CHAPTER V.

THE ATTACK OF THE FEDERAL FLEET.

ON the 7th of November, 1861, as Fitz was in the observatory on top of the house, from which could be obtained a splendid view of the magnificent bay and harbor of Port Royal, — a harbor which Ribault said “was fit to contain the argosies of the world,” — he saw a number of vessels entering, and not knowing what it meant, he called his father’s attention to them. “It is a Federal fleet, I am afraid, my son,” replied the General; and it proved to be the formidable fleet under command of Admiral Dupont.

General St. Clair knew that there were but two sand batteries to oppose their entrance, and if at all skilfully managed, the whole fleet — with a full head of steam — could in less than one hour, without firing a gun, pass rapidly up, and place themselves beyond the very longest range of the guns of both batteries reversed, capture their garrisons, and threaten Savannah by the way of Calabogue Sound. This brilliant *coup d’état* was not accomplished, however, the Admiral

satisfying himself by fighting — for hours — our poor little dirt forts, and opening up a way to the town of Beaufort. The Confederate authorities immediately ordered the inhabitants to “leave their homes;” no option was left them, or any time allowed to make preparations. With barely a change of clothing, they left their homes, expecting to return in a few weeks.

It was General St. Clair’s firm belief that “years,” and not days would elapse before this cruel and unnatural war would cease; so he purchased for his exiled family a home in the interior of the State, and after furnishing it, and seeing them comfortably established in it, he made his arrangements to return to his military duties.

The thought of his leaving them, now that they were refugees from home, and among strangers, plunged them into the deepest grief. Mrs. St. Clair was a frail, delicate woman, the only child of a doting father. “Her life had been a summer’s story told in flowers.” At the age of ten she went abroad to be educated, and until a few months previous to the breaking out of the war, when her fond father was suddenly taken from her by death, she had known nothing of sorrow or death in her family. Now they were following each other in rapid succession, for troubles always march in battalions.

She could not bring herself to consent to a separation so fraught with danger to her husband, and misery to herself. The sacrifice, she felt, was too great, and in agony she prayed, “Let the cup pass from me.”

The family consisted of four children — Fitz-Hugh, sixteen years of age; Rena, who inherited with her mother's rare beauty her delicate constitution, and whose health was just now the cause of many anxious forebodings; Harry, and Clara the two-year-old baby. These, with old Mr. St. Clair, the father of the General, composed the family.

General St. Clair was a devoted father, and his children warmly reciprocated his love. He was the confidant of their childish griefs, and entered with delight into all their pleasures. When in their own beautiful island home, he devoted to them a part of every day, giving them lessons of wisdom, which a less interested teacher would not have taken the trouble to impart. To these hours "with papa in the library," they looked forward with delight, and their teacher had only to threaten keeping them in the school-room "papa's hour," to make them pay all the attention she desired.

Fitz, being the oldest, had been treated by both father and mother more like a companion than a child. If at any time his mind was not clear upon any subject, he had not the slightest hesitancy in applying to his father for the necessary information. At this time he was greatly exercised as to what was really his father's duty. It seemed almost unfeeling in him to leave them in their present condition, deprived of almost all the comforts to which they had been accustomed all their lives. So he resolved, if possible, to have his doubts removed, and modestly

approaching his father, he asked him "if he did not regard the request an improper one, to be kind enough to give him his reasons for leaving his family when they stood so much in need of his love and protection."

"Your request is by no means an improper one, my son," replied the General. "You have a right to know the motives that actuate me, and I will take pleasure in convincing you that nothing but a most imperative sense of duty would tear me from my dear family. Prepare all your questions, and to-morrow evening propound them, and I will answer them, one and all, to the best of my ability."





CHAPTER VI.

A CHAT ABOUT CHILDREN.

SAY to any one who may call this evening that I am engaged, and cannot see company," said General St. Clair, upon leaving the tea-room, to the butler.

"Are you going out, Arthur?" asked his wife.

"Not farther than the library, little wife. I have an engagement with Fitz this evening; please see that we are not interrupted."

"What a peculiar man your husband is, Mrs. St. Clair," said a young lady guest, as the General left the room. "Who ever heard of such a thing—excuse, or deny himself to visitors because of an engagement with his child. He could not pay greater deference to the President."

"Why should he wish to, Blanche? There is no one who has a higher opinion of President Davis than my husband, but he would not break an engagement with Fitz, even to entertain him, under ordinary circumstances."

"Are you not afraid that treating your children

with so much respect will make them think themselves of too much importance?"

"Not at all. I think there is more danger of underrating, than of overrating children. As a general thing, children do not have respect enough paid them; instead of treating them as our juniors, we treat them as our inferiors."

"Then you go in for spoiling the little ones, I see, and would teach them that they may with impunity obtrude their wants, and make demands upon our attention whenever they feel disposed?"

"Oh, no, by no manner of means; I abhor a spoiled child. But children are human beings, and naturally have wants; many of these, true, are unreasonable, but some of them are not; it is our duty as parents to teach them this. Now, our children know we love them, and are willing to do anything reasonable that will add to their happiness. If we cannot comply with their requests, we never think it a condescension to explain to them the reason why we do not think it right to do so. I think there is a great deal of tyranny and clap-trap in this preached-up, 'blind faith,' and 'unquestioning obedience,' and the rest of that sort of stuff. I think God requires us to have an intelligent faith, and in order to this we are commanded to 'search the Scriptures.'"

"Our children have been taught the sacredness of a promise by us in this way: We never break one made to them, any more than we would to a stranger. Having their rights recognized, impresses them with a proper self-respect, and they learn to be truthful."

“There is certainly something in that. Sue Miller told me her little Sophie taught her a lesson yesterday she should not soon forget. Old Mrs. Gossip has been in the habit of inflicting two of her interminable visits upon Sue every week, and never seems to think she has anything to do but listen to her everlasting yarns about the neighbors. Yesterday, Sue made up her mind she would not be bored by her, so she told Sophie, who was playing in the garden, that if Mrs. Gossip came she must not let her come up to the house, but tell her at the gate that ‘mamma was not at home.’ A while after Sophie came in, and quietly seated herself in the window.

“‘Are you tired of playing with your new ball already, Sophie?’ asked her mamma.

“‘No, ma’am.’

“‘Then why do you come in, darling?’

“‘Because, mamma, I did not want to be out there when Mrs. Gossip came. She is deaf, and if I hollowed out a lie to her, God would hear it, and the little angels would be so sorry, because I am a Sunday school scholar;’ and the truthful, brown eyes filled with tears at the thought.

“Sue says she never felt worse in her life, and tried to explain to Sophie that ‘not at home’ was a society phrase for ‘busy, engaged, or not at home to see company,’ and did not mean really ‘absent from the house.’

“‘Then, mamma, I will tell her mamma is at home, but not at home to see company: can’t I?’

“‘No, dear, that would make Mrs. Gossip angry.’

“‘But I am afraid God don’t understand them other ways, and I would rather a thousand times make Mrs. Gossip vexed, than to make God angry.’

“It was a sermon with an application, if it was preached by a little five-year-old.”

“This ‘fear of man’ is a terrible snare, and so few dare to be honest,” said Mrs. St. Clair, with a sigh.

“Mamma, mamma! only just see how Beppo has torn up my nice new hat,” said little Harry, running in, his brown curls tossed in every direction, and holding the tattered hat in his hand.

“Why, how in the world did Beppo get the hat from the hat-rack?” said his mother.

“He did n’t, mamma; I left it in the yard, when I came in to supper.”

“Why then, of course, Beppo thought you did not care for it, but had left it for him to play with; so he is not to blame.”

“But, mamma, what will I do? Papa said this was to last me until spring.”

“I will try and sew it up. I am sorry my little son is so careless, and I hope having to wear a shabby hat, will teach him a lesson he will not forget.”

Harry buried his little face in his apron, and, bursting into tears, left the room.

“You are not in earnest about making that dear little fellow wear that ragged hat all this season, are you?” said Miss Blanche.

“I woud to heal. Harry, young as he is, loves dress, and is very heedless. You will readily see what

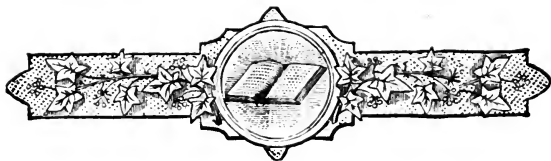
a temptation this combination will be to him. If he were careful, he could always look neat, no matter how limited his means ; but if he is profligate, and at the same time has extravagant tastes, he will either have to run in debt, or do worse if his income is at all straitened. So I must help my boy overcome the failing now, before it becomes a habit."

"Fitz is perfection, is he not?" asked Miss Blanche. "I do not remember ever to have heard of his doing anything wrong, even by accident."

"Fitz is a good boy," said his mother, with emotion ; "but he has naturally a violent temper, and only learned to control it by strong effort and unceasing watchfulness. Until he became a Christian, we were exceedingly anxious ; but 'God's grace is sufficient,' and as he has professed Christ, we believe he will be kept faithful ; for we are assured that 'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them' from temptation and sin."

5 *





CHAPTER VII.

GENERAL ST. CLAIR'S EXPLANATION AS TO THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

WHEN General St. Clair went into the library, he found Fitz awaiting him. Going to the bookcase, he took down a number of old books, Congressional documents, and some scrap-books containing extracts from old papers. He told Fitz that he "was prepared to answer his questions by proofs for all that he said; and in order that he might not think him prejudiced, he intended, whenever he could, to let the wise and good men of the North, as well as the South, answer for him. Whatever, in the excitement of politics, people may say, there have been, and are good and true men North, who deplore this fratricidal war as much as we do, and have done all in their power to prevent it; this also, my son, I want to prove to you." The General was not a fire-eater; he was a first-honor graduate of Yale College, and had travelled too much to be either narrow or sectional in his feelings. He knew that no one particular country had a monopoly

either of all that was good, or of all that was bad. To the very last he had hoped that war would be avoided; but he did not wish the craven's peace; and when every effort to secure our rights, honorably, had failed, and war was forced upon us, he knew his duty, and, like a brave man, did it.

"The first question I want to ask, father, is this. How are the States united? I do not think my ideas are correct."

"What are they, my son? If you will state them, I will endeavor to put you right where you err."

"Well, I supposed the United States Government was like a church government, and the different States were represented by the different families composing the congregation. Joining a church does not interfere with our family relations. Our minister takes care of the religious interests of his people; but you would not permit him to manage your family affairs, or correct your children, — these are your reserved rights; and his are so distinct, it seems impossible to clash. Congress (in a church) is, in my mind, represented by the vestry; the President, by our minister; and the Constitution by which we are governed I compared to the Bible, which all Christian churches claim as their guide and rule of life. So I thought I had the whole thing mapped out; but, as the machinery won't work, I suppose I was mistaken."

"You were not mistaken, my son, as to how it ought to be. Your illustration shows both thought and study, and is a capital one. I will carry it out in my

attempt to explain to you how the harmony between the States, and the United States, has been interrupted. You have been told that when your great-grandfather built the old stone church, and the congregation was organized, the first thing they did was to adopt a constitution and draw out rules for the government of the church. Then they called Mr. Campbell as their minister. When he was installed, he solemnly promised to preach the gospel as contained in the Holy Scriptures; and every applicant for church-membership since, has had to subscribe to the rules before they were admitted. These rules required the members to live in peace with each other, and not meddle or interfere in each others' affairs. Now, suppose that, after a while, some of the quarrelsome, meddlesome members, (some of them too who had not contributed one dollar towards the building of the church,) should take it upon themselves to regulate the family concerns of their brethren and sisters, according to their notion of things, — how do you think Mr. Campbell, who was recognized as the head and director of the affairs of the church, ought to act?"

"Why, he ought to discipline them, for violating the rules they were pledged to keep, and compel them to observe them."

"But suppose these 'constitution breakers,' who were in the majority, should call a meeting, and decide 'not to conform their conduct to the constitution, but to change the constitution to suit their conduct,' declaring that they 'had advanced in civilization since the

Saviour's time, and therefore they wanted "a higher law" than His to guide them.' They wanted a Bible to read, 'Thou shalt covet thy neighbor's man-servant and his maid-servant,' and 'Thou shalt steal.' They also wanted a Saviour who would condemn slavery, for the Christ of the Bible did not do it, and in recognizing it He condemned them. What could Mr. Campbell do?"

"Why, if he had the power, he ought to expel them; or compel them to keep the constitution inviolate, I think, papa."

"But suppose he was politic enough to go with the majority, and, from his pulpit, Sabbath after Sabbath, denounce the minority, until it became a constant source of annoyance, — what redress would they have, think you?"

"Why, appeal to their sense of right, papa, and tell them 'our money and efforts built this church: you found it ready to your hand, and we allowed you equal rights with ourselves; it is not right for you, after all our liberality, to treat us so.'"

"Suppose every appeal should be made in vain, — what then?"

"Why, if they could not stay in peace in the church, they ought to leave, and build another."

"But suppose Mr. Campbell and the majority of his vestry should say, 'You shall not leave the church; we won't permit you. You shall come to church, and hear yourselves abused, whether you like it or not; and you shall pay well for it, too. You are in the minority, and we will bring you here, in front of fixed

bayonets.' This, Fitz, is exactly the position the United States Government has assumed towards the Southern States. Does there seem to be any help, except to oppose bayonets with bayonets?"

"I think not, papa. Why did not the States remain separate? would it not have been a great deal better?"

"As it has turned out, it would; but you know, 'union is strength,' and if we were really united in heart, as well as territory, it would be so. The States certainly banded together for mutual benefit; but it has been proved that, so far as the South is concerned, there is neither peace, nor profit, in the alliance; and, therefore, we are anxious to dissolve the bond."

"Why fight about it then, sir? We entered the Union with our own consent, and without compulsion. Can we not go out in the same way?"

"We have the right, most assuredly, my son; for in the Declaration of Independence made by the Colonies in 1776, they say, 'Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of the ends for which it was established, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and institute a new government;' moreover, the treaty signed by Great Britain calls the thirteen original States, 'free, sovereign, and independent States.'"

"If we are 'free, sovereign, and independent,' then of course we can do as we please, can we not?"

"It appears not. Congress has usurped all our rights, and will neither let us remain peacefully in the Union, nor go out of it."

"Then how is this a free government, father? I should call it a despotism. How does Congress manage about the Constitution?"

"Well, Garrison says, 'the Constitution is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.' Others say we want none but an anti-slavery God and an anti-slavery Bible; and the Federal government has become our enemy, seeking our destruction. Our last hope departed when Lincoln was elected."

"Why do you say that, father? What objection have you to Lincoln?"

"Because he represents a party who are resolved to deprive us of our rights, and even our lives. The Constitution is abolished, we are in the minority, and there is no redress in the world for us. Lincoln himself says, 'the government cannot exist half slave and half free.' Governor Andrews, one of the Radical leaders, in his address to the Legislature of Massachusetts, says: 'If emancipation does not come voluntarily, it must come by the bloody process of San Domingo.' John Quincy Adams said he 'was ready for abolition, though five hundred millions of Southerners perished.' Jim Lane, of Kansas, one of Mr. Lincoln's senators, said: 'I would like to see every white man in South Carolina in hell, and the negroes inhabiting their territory.'"

"How do they mean to free the negroes, father? Do they intend to buy them back from us, and then liberate them?"

"Not they, my son. History tells us, 'England paid twenty million pounds to liberate four hundred

thousand negroes in the West Indies,' and there are more than forty times that number in the South ; but the Abolitionists wish us to make beggars of ourselves, and destroy our whole agricultural system, just to please a set of miserable fanatics, who would not give one copper cent to free a thousand, and who, if they were not raving about the negro, would rave about something else. No, indeed ; their philanthropy is of the most economical kind.

‘ They dragged the negro from his native shore,
Made him a slave, and now his fate deplore ;
Sold him in Southern lands, and now, when sold,
Reville the buyers, but retain the gold.’

“ Here is a letter, written in December, 1859, by Rev. Richard Fuller, D. D., of Beaufort, South Carolina, to the Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts. I will read you some extracts from it.

“ I am willing to make great sacrifices, even to reduce my family to comparative poverty, if the condition of my slaves would be improved by it.”

“ I have publicly and privately, again and again, made overtures to the most wealthy Abolitionists — those of influence — and begged them, in all sincerity, to be willing to part with a pittance of their wealth to set on foot or encourage an enterprise looking to the freedom of the slaves. But not one single copper have I ever been able to induce one of them to contribute.”

“ They contribute liberally for the purchase of deadly weapons to be employed in secret crusades against the South.”

“ They denounce the South in the most bitter terms for not at once immolating four thousand millions of

property, a great deal of it purchased from them, and all of it guaranteed to us by the Constitution; thus ruining ourselves, and abandoning to weeds and brambles millions of fertile acres, breaking up our entire social system, driving our servants from our homes and protection, and making them indolent, discontented vagrants, for I conscientiously believe the guardianship of a good master is the greatest blessing to the negro."

"In almost every family the negroes are taught to read, and some of my servants write a better hand than I do."

"Jesus, when upon earth, saw slavery all around him. He said, 'All power in heaven and earth is given unto me,' yet he made no effort to abolish slavery, nor did he once denounce it."

"You see, by Dr. Fuller's letter, my son, that abolitionism is the very cheapest kind of philanthropy."

"At the time of the Revolutionary War, slavery existed in every one of the American colonies; and as long as it was profitable to Europeans and Americans, they carried on the traffic in negroes."

"In 1770, South Carolina passed a law forbidding the importation of slaves into the State from any quarter, but she could not prevent it, for the Yankees owned a great many slave-ships, and made immense fortunes, selling negroes to the South, while the South protested against the traffic, and insisted it should be stopped."

"The North excused the vile trade, apologized with pious cant for it, and insisted 'it was a blessing.' Here is an old paper, published in 1805, in Boston. Let me read you an extract:

“ ‘The operation of the “slave-trade” is a great blessing to the negro, who, in his own country, is a pagan cannibal, scarce distinguished from the brute.’ You must bear in mind this was when *they* were making money by the trade. Now,

‘No more allowed the negro to enslave,
They damn the master, and for “Freedom” rave.’

“Here is another New England paper, date 1807, which says: ‘Slavery confers on the negro civilization and Christianity, and is to him a most inestimable blessing; for the slave earns a better living, free from care, than the peasantry of any other country.’ What a pity Joseph’s brethren had not

‘Known the modern art
To play with skill the philanthropic part;
And bold, bad Judah raved in Freedom’s cause,
While Levi cursed the foul Egyptian laws;
And Issachar, in speech, or long report,
Condemned the masters found in Pharaoh’s court,
And cursed the king who dared to hold
Enslaved the brother they had basely sold,
Proving that sins of traffic never lie
On knaves who sell, but on the dupes who buy.’

“From 1804 to 1807, our statistics show that there were thirty-nine thousand slaves brought into Charleston.

England imported over 19,000 slaves.

France	“	“	2,000	“
Boston	“	“	2,000	“
Rhode Island	“	“	8,000	“
Connecticut	“	“	550	“

Pennsylvania imported over 800 slaves.
 Foreigners “ “ 4,000 “

“Facts are stubborn things, and in this case prove that Charleston had but little hand in bringing down upon herself ‘the curse of slavery.’

“From a Charleston paper of 1806 we learn that the ‘Rhode Islanders were so much afraid that they would not realize the very highest price the auction-block would bring, that they had twenty-eight of their own trusty natives as their consignees.’

“In the convention of 1787, when the vote was taken to extend slavery, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire voted to extend it.

“Again, we read in these Congressional documents, ‘North and South Carolina protested against “the slave trade,” and wanted the importation of slaves to cease before 1808;’ while Connecticut, and several other Northern States, voted for its extension.”

“Father, we read in our history to-day that the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota were all formed from territory presented to the United States by Virginia. Why did not Virginia stipulate that these should all be slave States?”

“Virginia, the grand old State that gave America her Washington, gave, without any recompense, and without making any exactions, territory enough to form seven States. She does not know how to be anything else than generous, and could not conceive of meanness, or she would have hedged her gift by

pledges that would have prevented such base ingratitude. But now Virginia

‘Sees her own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivers in her heart.
Keen are her pangs, but keener far to feel
She nursed the pinion that impelled the steel.’

“No sooner had these States been settled than the stormy petrels of Abolitionism tried to have resolutions passed in Congress to prevent Virginians, or any other Southerners, taking their slaves into them, which virtually meant, we are resolved none but Abolitionists shall live here; and this mean, ungrateful usurpation was, in fact, the first seed of the present war, for the South became convinced by the unparalleled injustice that there was no such thing as obtaining her rights in the Union. Whenever Congress met, petitions would be sent by all sorts of people, abusing the South, and petitioning Congress to abolish slavery, which it had no more right to do than it had to say Monday should not be washing-day in New England, and the Pennsylvania Quakers should wear dress-coats. The Southern members entreated, that these insulting petitions should not be noticed.

“Hon. Henry Clay said, ‘if these cruel and wanton attacks upon the South are not stopped, the collision of opinion will soon be followed by the clash of arms.’

“Abolition emissaries, like the plagues of Egypt, swept down upon the South, in the disguise of preachers, teachers, school-marms, and peddlers. They came to instigate insurrection, and make the negroes dis-

contented. Negroes guilty of murdering their owners acknowledged upon the gallows that they had been incited by the Abolitionists to commit the bloody deeds. At last it culminated in the 'John Brown raid,' in which that miserable fanatic was the tool of the Radicals to accomplish their work of bloodshed, and draw the fire of the South. Some of the participants in this raid fled from justice, and found shelter and concealment in Ohio and Iowa, where they were received as 'martyrs,' and screened from the laws they had insulted, and put at defiance in direct violation of the Constitution.

"In Boston, minute-guns were fired, and churches were draped in mourning for this midnight assassin.

"The South sent commissioners to the Northern States, entreating them to take into consideration the conduct of the Abolitionists, whose wicked intermeddling was rendering life at the South unsafe, and preparing the way for a servile insurrection. They appealed to their justice as men; to their sympathy as brethren; to their patriotism as citizens; to the memory of the common perils of their common ancestors; to all the better emotions of their nature, to use their influence to prevent the Abolitionists from interfering in the affairs of the South. Daniel Webster, in a speech in 1851, said: 'I do not hesitate to say, and repeat, that if the Northern States refuse deliberately to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, the South would no longer be bound to keep the com-

pact, for a bargain broken on one side is broken on all sides.'

"The North would promise to interfere, and see that we had equal rights granted us; and at four different times entered into compromises, which in every case they violated. Not only did they allow the native Abolitionists to harass and annoy us, but they imported fanatics to assist them. Thompson, from London, said, in a public speech, that 'the slaves ought to throw off their bondage by the most violent means, and every slaveholder ought to have his throat cut;' and instead of shaving his head, and putting him in prison, for his unblushing impudence in thus insulting their own people and attempting to incite a servile rebellion, he was feted, applauded, honored, and lionized, North, until the London papers exclaimed against them, for 'allowing such mischievous license to a foreigner;' and further said, — 'an American pursuing any such line of conduct in England would be sent to Botany Bay;' and Henry Clay said, he 'did not know what in the world the Abolitionists expected to accomplish by holding the South up to the scorn and contempt of the whole civilized world.'

"Governor Marcy, of New York, afterwards Secretary of War, appealed to his Legislature, in the most forcible language, to put a stop to the abolition movements. He said, slavery was not abolished in New York until 1827, and the South did not interfere; for if any State, North or South, had done so, New York would have regarded it as an invasion of her rights, and indignantly resented the interference.

“Mr. Everett, Governor of Massachusetts, called on his Legislature to protect the South against the pestilent fanatics. But these appeals were all made in vain; and the planter, living with his innocent family upon his own plantation, was constantly in dread that some of these wretches, who were prowling around, would incite his slaves to insurrection: all sense of security was gone. In Georgia, Atlanta, Griffin, Newnau, and Warrenton, were all fired at the same time; and now Lincoln is elected, the Abolitionists will have it all their own way unrebuked, for he is commander-in-chief of both army and navy; and there is no earthly hope for us.”

“Why are they not willing to give us up, father, when they pretend to feel so disgraced in a Union with slaveholders? I think it is very strange; do you not?”

“I do. When Texas was admitted into the Union, John Quincy Adams and thirty New England senators entered their protest against it, and assured the President, ‘if it was admitted, the New England States would secede.’ If it was proper for them to secede from us then, we surely have just the same right to secede from them now, under so much greater provocation. In their threat, then, they admitted what they now deny, namely, that ‘sovereign States have the right to resume, when they please, the power delegated to them by the General Government.’

“John P. Hale, the Republican senator, and candidate for the Presidency, said, in a speech in Massachusetts, ‘The South talks of dissolving the Union, if Lincoln is elected; but the Union is more likely to be

dissolved if he is not.' The New York Tribune, on the 2d of March, 1861, acknowledges our right to secede, and says: 'The Slave States have a moral right, if they choose, to form an independent nation.' The Albany Evening Journal, edited by Mr. Weed, December 2, 1860, says: 'There is imminent danger of a dissolution of the Union, originating in the ambition and cupidity of men who desire a Southern despotism, and in the fanatic zeal of Northern Abolitionists, who seek the emancipation of the Southern slaves regardless of consequences.'

"I hope now, my son, with all this proof, you are thoroughly convinced that *the Abolitionists have brought on this war*, — for it will be a terrible reckoning, some of these days, and the lives of thousands of innocent men must be accounted for. At the door of these men let the sin lie. We are innocent. I have brought the proofs given you for this assertion from Northern authority, to show you that there are some right-thinking people there, who deplore, as much as we do, this fratricidal war; but they are in the minority, and have had to yield. We are not fighting the whole North, as many think: the best men of the North are opposed to the war, quite as much as we are. In the New York Herald, April 7, 1861, we read: 'With the Lincoln administration rests the responsibility of precipitating a collision and the fearful evils of civil war; for Mr. Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, says, "There shall be no collision, or blood shed, unless Mr. Lincoln makes the first demonstration."'"

“Did he, father?”

“He did, my son. The South sent commissioners to Washington to inform Congress that they had resumed the power so long delegated to them, and in future would take charge of their own affairs, and trouble the North no more, and requested the United States Government to withdraw its troops from our forts. Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, authorized Mr. Campbell, member of Congress from Alabama, to assure the Southern commissioners that ‘Fort Sumter would be immediately evacuated.’ Mr. Campbell believed him, and was very much surprised, therefore, to learn, a day or two after, that ‘ships of war, steam-cutters, and three steam transports, had sailed South from New York.’ He immediately wrote to Mr. Seward, and asked him what it all meant? Mr. Seward, wishing to deceive the South, replied, falsely, ‘Faith as to Sumter fully kept. Wait and see.’ We waited, and did see, on the 12th of April, a fleet consisting of two sloops-of-war, one steam-cutter, and three steam transports, off Charleston Harbor. Upon the appearance of this formidable fleet, accompanied with the further information that ‘many other and larger vessels of war, attended by transports containing troops, surf-boats, and all the necessary means of landing forces, had already sailed from Northern ports,’ we knew we were again, as we had always been, victims to the treachery of a government which had proved faithless to us in every promise; and this was such a palpable violation of the most solemn assurance

that 'no attack was contemplated,' that the military authorities in Charleston immediately telegraphed the state of affairs to the Confederate Congress, then in session at Montgomery, and asked for orders, which came in these memorable words: 'Demand the *immediate* surrender of the fort, and if the demand is not complied with, take it.' "

"Father, I see they would have no other alternative; but do you think, if we were to free the negroes, they would let us alone?"

"No; they would find something else to rant about. John C. Calhoun, the purest, noblest, and truest patriot that ever lived, said: 'Be assured, emancipation will not satisfy these fanatics; that gained, the next step will be to raise the negro to a social and political equality with the whites; and that being effected, we would soon find the present condition of the two races reversed. They, and their Northern allies, would be the masters, and we the slaves, then. The condition of the white race in the British West India Islands, as bad as it is, would be happiness as compared to ours; for there the mother country will see to it the supremacy of the white race is maintained; but it will not be so here.' Mr. Calhoun saw the storm approaching, and foretold its deadly nature. All the energies of his mighty intellect were put forth to arrest its progress, for he knew it would end in the destruction of the Union, and the conviction that all his labors were in vain shortened his life. Now all admit that the measures he proposed, and the theories he taught, were

the only ones that could have saved the country. The Constitution, as our fathers gave it to us, was as dear to him as his right eye, and the incident that occurred, when they were trying to rescue his statue from its ocean bed, was as touching as it was significant. The first part of the statue that appeared above the turbulent waves was his right hand, upholding the Constitution he had spent his whole political life in defending.

‘Sublime the scene, and glorious the time,
When o’er the waves Calhoun’s right hand appeared,
Upholding firmly still, as in his prime,
The Constitution to his soul endeared.’

“And now, my son, you see the whole argument resolves itself to this: The Abolitionists say to us, ‘Consent to let us take back the negroes we sold you, and place them over you as your masters. We will give them your land, and put a tax on whatever else you own, so that they may not have to work too hard. If you submit quietly and thankfully to this treatment of our sable pets, we will let you stay in the Union in peace, until we can find something else to run mad over and fight you about.’ These terms, or war as the alternative, is all that is left us. There is no middle ground. What do you say, my boy?”

“The dreadful alternative, papa,” said Fitz, with flashing eye.

“Yes, my son, dishonor is worse than death. I love the Union and the dear old flag, and would gladly lay down my life to preserve them as our Revolutionary sires left them. I deeply regret we have not re-

tained 'the stars and stripes' as our national emblem. They belong to us, for we are fighting for the Constitution — the Abolitionists against it. There is not one clause in it they have not violated. They despise it, trample it under foot, and claim in its stead a 'higher law.' Here, in Lincoln's Proclamation, we read: 'It is unanimously resolved by the Government of the United States that this war is waged, not in the spirit of conquest or subjugation, nor for the purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or institutions of the States; but to maintain and defend the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union, with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired.' Now there is not one word of truth in this rigmarole. I will paste it in this scrap-book, and time will prove it a lie. They are fighting for our subjugation, and to destroy our social institutions, against the Constitution, and to deprive us of our rights as sovereign States. They would not dare tell the truth, and say, 'we are fighting because we hate the South. We want to free their negroes, whom they bought and paid us for, and would make them slaves.' Wendell Phillips said he 'had been trying to dissolve the Union for nineteen years,' and now they pretend to be fighting for 'the Union and the Constitution.' It is false! Henry Ward Beecher is honest enough to say what he thinks, fearless of consequences always; and he says, 'The Constitution is the foundation of all our troubles,' and the whole party believe with him."

"Do you not like the Palmetto flag, father?"

“Like it! Indeed I do. We cannot be too proud of our own Palmetto. General Quitman says, (writing of the Mexican War,) ‘Before the smoke had ceased to curl over the heads of the brave victors, the Palmetto flag, emblem of South Carolina, was seen floating over the conquered walls, the very first American flag within the City of Mexico.’ Another writes: ‘The Palmetto flag, borne by the brave Palmetto Regiment, saved the honor of the United States Army, by supporting the retreating forces of two Northern States, and but for it General Scott never could have dictated terms from the Halls of the Montezumas.’ We need not be ashamed of our Palmetto, for victory has always crowned it with glory. But our fathers fought, bled, and, dying, gave us as our national emblem the Star-Spangled Banner, and we ought not to give it up to its enemies. They have been false to it, and now are making it mean all that is dishonorable, tyrannical, and oppressive. The flag is ‘a sentiment’ with many, and if we give it up we lose those friends of the flag who are our friends; therefore I say we ought to fight for the flag we have never dishonored, and have always so bravely defended, and let its enemies seek another ensign.”

“Suppose, father, the South is defeated, what do you think will be the consequence?”

“If we are subjugated by the party now in power, my son, our fate will be a fearful one. Negroes will occupy our high places, and ignorance and vice will hold a sovereign sway. In less than four years after

we are subjugated — that is the word, for I know my men — South Carolina will have negro legislators and senators, and plantation darkies will be sent to Congress, and sit where Calhoun, McDuffie, Hugh S. Legare, and Hayne sat. The ruin of the country will commence at the South, but the whole country will feel the curse of negro rule, and the miserable fanatics who are bringing this dreadful state of things upon us will bitterly deplore, when it is too late, that in trying to ruin the South they have brought destruction upon the entire country.”

“Father, I think you must be mistaken. I cannot believe that the white people of the North would, for one moment, consent to the negroes ruling any part of their country, and making an Africa of the United States.”

“I am prepared to believe almost anything, for I did not believe they would have been allowed to force this war upon us. I thought they would return to reason before they would see the country deluged in blood. Now God only knows what the end will be.”

“I cannot bear, dear father,” said Fitz, in a voice full of emotion, “to have you leave us. Your country needs your services, I know, but there is work to do out of the army.”

“Yes, my boy, and there are old men, invalids, women, and boys enough to do the home work. The only place for brave men is where the balls fall thickest. You do not surely wish your father to go into a bomb-proof, do you?”

"No, sir," said he, decidedly ; "but you know Mr. Gassy is a much more violent Secessionist than you are ; he says he made fifteen speeches last month, and he does not intend going in the army, I think."

"No ; his patriotism finds an outlet in speechifying ; it is frothy, effervesces, and slops over. You heard him tell me yesterday that 'the country needed just such men as I.' Why do you suppose he thinks the country needs me any more than it does him ? He is not sincere, for if he felt as he talks he could not be kept out of active service ; but he leaves

'His country's side when clouds around her thicken :
One of the cautious herd, who flies the noble stag when stricken.'

"No matter how the struggle ends, he will come out all right. I only pray my poor family may never be dependent on the tender mercies of any such men. If you should ever need help, my son, let this be your rule — 'never ask it from the man who deserted his country in her hour of need.' The soldier's child will find no mercy from a skulk, depend on it.

"And now, my son, I hope I have vindicated my course to you. I want you to treasure up every word I have said, for, if our cause should be lost, you will find some, even at the South, who will tell you 'your father had better have stayed at home and taken care of his family, than have left you to starve.'

"If we obtain our independence, as I trust in God we may, we will be the happiest nation on the globe. Our slaves can then be taught to read and write with-

out the fear of the Abolitionists sending incendiary books among them. Other safeguards, too, that the miserable fanatics have compelled us to build around us, can be removed, and I do not hesitate to say that then our slaves will be the happiest peasantry in the world. There is a glorious future for us if we win; but a fierce conflict must be waged first, and with a power whose resources are boundless. In the contest many of the bravest and best in the land will be called to lay their lives down on 'freedom's hungry altar.' I, too, my son, may be called to die in defence of my country —"

"My dear father, we could never, never give you up; don't, please don't say another word," said Fitz, while the tears ran down his face.

"You must not forget," said General St. Clair, putting his arm around his weeping son, "that you have a kind Heavenly Father, who can do more for you than I can. Look to Him in every hour of need. He will never forsake you, if you put your trust in Him. I have always found Him a very present help in every time of trouble. This separation is as painful to me as it is to you, and I do not think either of us can bear it in our own strength; let us take our sorrows to the mercy-seat, and ask our pitying Saviour to help us bear them."

They knelt and implored strength for the terrible trials which awaited them, and when General St. Clair, in faltering accents, said, "And, Father, if in Thy Providence I am destined to return no more to my

family on earth, may they meet me in heaven, and around Thy throne may we spend a long eternity, unsaddened by the thought of parting," Fitz resolved, amid his passionate weeping, that his father should not be disappointed in him. Long after the General had joined his family in the parlor, he lay weeping on the sofa, for he loved his father with the deepest love, and the bare thought that the separation might be final had almost broken his heart.

We may not intrude upon the sanctity of the parting between the General and his family.

"A fearful sacrifice you claim, O Freedom,
From mortals in whose agonizing hearts
Nature is strong as death."

7 *





CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEPARTURE.

FITZ drove with his father to the depôt, the day he left for Virginia, and long after the cars had gone, the poor boy stood looking after them; and seeming so forlorn and miserable, he attracted the sympathy of all who saw him.

The war was very demoralizing to boys. The young men were all in the army, and as the half-grown had to take their places, it made them assuming and precocious. They had not judgment enough to discriminate between manishness and manliness; and if they could only get a pipe or a cigar in their mouths, they were satisfied they were "all right."

The departure of General St. Clair for the army seemed to make Fitz a man in an hour; he became quiet and thoughtful, and devoted every spare moment to his mother.

His father had thoroughly impressed him with the terrible importance of the struggle in which we were engaged, and he hoped, longed; worked, and prayed

for its success, with a fervor it would have been well for many older than he to have emulated.

He was never absent from the Society, and was the controlling spirit in it. I accompanied him to the academy one morning, when they were receiving packages to be sent to the army. An old man, with a small bundle in his hand, entered as we did. He "had brung a package to send to his boy in Lee's army," he said. "'Twas only a little tobaccy and a pipe; he never smoked when he wur home, but me and the old woman thought it would kinder help make him forgit how cold and hungry he is, lying in them trenches; he is only seventeen, and the last one left,—the other two wur both killed;" and wiping the big tears away with his rough coat-sleeve, he left the room.

A young girl, whose blue veil covered what we knew was a sweet, bright face, handed in a dainty little package,—“a book for Lieutenant Cadwallader, Company B, 3d Regiment South Carolina Volunteers.” We strongly suspected that “book” contained but one page,—that was illustrated, however,—and the lovely eyes photographed upon it, will say more than volumes could to the dashing young lieutenant, whom we prayed might be spared to bless this gentle, blushing child-woman with his love and protecting care.

Here comes old Maum Dinah, curtsyng, as she hands in her bundle. “For my chile, missis; some of his mammer’s ginger-cake, doughnuts, and molasses candy. And do, my dear missis, tell him”—(poor,

simple-hearted mamma! she thought we were going in the boxes, I suppose,) — “tell him his old mammer never forgits him, and can’t sleep o’ nights for thinking that, while she is in her warm bed, he is sleeping on the cold ground in Firginy. Tell him I prays for him, day and night; and he must pray for hisself, put his trus’ in the Lord, and lub his Jesus.” And here the old woman quite broke down, and burying her face in her checked apron, cried aloud.

“Alas! old Maumer’s of the past:
On her dear face we have looked our last, —
No more o’er our sick-beds we’ll see
Her dark form bending tenderly;
No more with ‘Baby’ in her arms,
Singing, to quiet its alarms,
Will dear old Maumer come again,
To soothe and charm away our pain.
Ah, little did they understand
Who rent these ties with cruel hand.”

In the fall of the year, General St. Clair came home on furlough, and spent ten days with his family. It was a time of great rejoicing, for they had been looking forward to it for months, and saving up every dainty. Fitz had secured every ounce of butter that he could hear about; Rena had knit the softest socks; Harry had a whole bag of chestnuts, and a bushel of big red apples; and dear old grandpa had moulded some myrtle-wax candles, which “looked like spermaceti, and burned like daylight,” Clara said. And now papa had actually come; and when they dropped the shades in the evening, and gathered around the fire,

they presented the most charming picture of happy home-life that could be imagined.

The first evening, Harry had a thousand questions to ask about camp-life, fighting, etc. ; but Mrs. St. Clair's pale, sad face, (when war was the topic,) soon made her husband adroitly change the subject, never to renew it again.

The day before General St. Clair left, while in a store, laying in family supplies, Mr. Gassy came up, rubbing his hands, and apparently quite overjoyed at the meeting. After the greetings were over, he said : " I hear, General, you are going to the front in the morning. Is it so ? "

" I am going to join my brigade, sir," quietly replied the General.

" How I envy you, General, — I feel like a caged lion or a chained war-steed — restive, and eager for the fray. I am actually longing for the smell of gun-powder, sir."

" You have had ample opportunity to have satisfied that longing, Gassy. The war has been going on over a year, and if you really do intend doing anything for your country, it is time you made a beginning."

" Made a beginning, General ? Why, what in the world do you mean ? Did you not know I was drafted ? "

" Yes, I heard so ; but you did not go."

" No ; but I sent a substitute, which is equivalent to going myself. I sent my first wife's son, by a former marriage, right to the front — the front, I say,

sir, the place where the balls fall thickest; and where I am panting to go, if it was convenient. So now, my dear General, I hope you will not accuse me of a want of patriotism again; for I tell you, sir, I am spoiling with it."

"I am glad to be informed of the fact, Gassy; for it is hard to realize that a great burly man like yourself, as patriotic too, as you profess to be, can be satisfied out of the army, at this time of our country's need."

"Do you call me a hearty man, General? Ask my mother; she will tell you what a time I had teething—"

"But you surely have got through teething, long ago," said the General, laughing.

"You interrupted me, sir. I was going on to say that from a teething baby I have enjoyed bad health; but my whole soul is in the cause, and I am willing to die for it, if needs be,—and, if the government would only take my advice, they would soon finish up the little job."

"Why, what would you advise so efficacious?"

"In the first place, I would say, Do not let the soldiers come home on furlough —"

"And, pray, why would you advise that?"

"Why, it does no good. They see their families in want, and it makes them dissatisfied —"

"Families in want! and what are you scoundrels at home good for, that you cannot keep the soldiers' families from starving? You keep your carcasses out of danger! If I were President, I would send you spec-

ulators to the front for a while, or billet a dozen of the families of those who are there, upon you; for it is such as you, that will bring about the ruin of our cause, if ruin comes. You are Neros! fiddling, while Rome is burning."

"Not much fiddling; money depreciates so, I have to change my investments every week. I am buying real estate now; do you know of any upon the market?"

"No, sir; I should be ashamed to inquire," said the General, with a look of contempt upon his face.

"You are hard on us home-guards; but we will take it from you, if you will only, when you go back, raise the black flag, and carry the war into the North. Lee is an old poke, and Stonewall Jackson believes 'what is to be will be;' and so don't put himself to any trouble to hurry it up; and Davis ain't a mite better; he would rather lose the cause than go contrary to West Point tactics. So red-tape will strangle us after all, if you soldiers don't hurry up things."

"Do you not think, Gassy, that in depriving the country of such superior military knowledge you are doing wrong? You ought to be Secretary of War, sir."

"Business, General, business; there is no harder task-master, and if you fellows get killed off, we will have your families to provide for, I suppose."

"God forbid," said the General, fervently, "the bare possibility of such a fate for my loved ones would make me desert the cause, as dear as it is to my soul. Don't hint such a terrible fate, Gassy."

"You are not very complimentary; but never mind,

all right as it is, you only hurry back, and don't come home again until Washington is in ashes, the coal mines of Pennsylvania fired, and Lincoln, the old scoundrel, hung by the neck until he is dead, dead, dead, and the devil take his soul."

"God forbid, or any other soul for whom the Saviour died," replied the General, gravely.

"Why don't you pitch in, Gassy," said a by-stander, "and show the General how it ought to be done."

"I only wish I could; there would be no more prisoners taken to eat up our provisions, I tell you. But farewell, General; tell your wife if she needs advice to send for me," said Gassy, as he walked away.

"Honor to him who truly feels, whate'er that feeling be,
Whose acts are like his words, and both stamped with sincerity.
Defeat to him who strives to gain a nation's full accord,
False to his friends, false to his fate, false to his creed and Lord."





CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

ALL through the dark and gloomy winter after the General's visit home, and return to the army, amid desolations and sufferings, such as it seemed incredible could exist in America, our people struggled. Uncomplainingly they endured every privation, hoping for the day that would bring peace and independence to our distracted land. Sometimes we were exultant with hope, then again upon the very verge of despair; prayer-meetings were held daily, and from every family altar went up the cry for "peace." We knew we were fighting the whole world, and at fearful odds, too, but right and justice were on our side, and we believed God would, in his own good time, interpose in our behalf. Heartless extortioners, shirking military duty, urged Lee "on to Washington," harangued the soldiers as to the necessity of "dying in the last ditch," while they took from their families a whole month's wages for a bushel of corn. The prices asked for provisions almost amounted to a prohibition, and Mrs. St. Clair's

health was failing for want of nourishing food. They seldom tasted meat ; corn-hominy and sorghum-syrup, with rye as a substitute for tea and coffee, was their chief subsistence.

As in the time of William and Mary, money had merely a nominal value—we could not purchase provisions with it. A peck of corn, or a piece of bacon, must be paid for with leather or yarn ; and even after the food was obtained and cooked, it was scarcely palatable, for salt was not to be had at any price. Old smoke-houses were torn down, and the dirt floors boiled for the salt they contained. The sediment of an old mackerel-barrel was regarded as a “treasure-trove,” to such straits were we reduced. Is it at all surprising, that we could not give the Federal prisoners dessert every day ? or is it not rather a miracle that a starving people managed to feed their enemies at all ?

The Southern ladies, who, in almost all the Northern story-books, are represented as “thrifless, lazy do-nothings,” proved the unjustness of these charges by manufacturing, with their own hands, almost everything used in their households—even to the shoes they wore, and the lasts upon which they were made ! Upon hand-looms they wove the cloth for the family, and no prettier hats have ever been imported than those plaited by our ladies from our own Palmetto. One of our young generals led to the altar a fair bride whose entire *trousseau* was of home manufacture ; for, although the trained dress was silk of the finest texture, the

bride raised the worms, and spun and wove the silk herself. History must say of the women of the South, that

“They nobly bore their part,
But the proudest triumph that they won,
Was the victory of the heart.”

Months had passed since the General had been home. Fitz looked sad and anxious; his grandfather was growing feeble, and his mother's subdued, beautiful, patient face was never now lighted by a smile.

Little baby May, who, like the snowdrop, to which the children compared her, had come into the world amid the darkness and gloom of the times, and always gave a smile for the bitter tears with which her pale, sad mother bedewed her cheeks, was now two months old, and had never seen papa, although little Clara insisted “the angel who brought her down from heaven must have stopped by papa's camp and showed him the baby, for how else in the world would he have known they had a baby, and sent it ‘papa's welcome and a blessing,’ before they had time to send him word, ‘God had sent them a little sister’?” Harry agreed with her fully, and loved his baby sister better, because she had seen papa last.

General St. Clair wrote: “An engagement is daily expected. That over, if spared, I shall come home.”

Fitz counted to, and from the arrival of the cars, and if they were delayed until midnight, he never left the office without his mail.

It was the 3d of September; the second battle of

Manassas had been fought ; and the cars, now overdue, would bring tidings of the result. The depôt was crowded with anxious fathers and mothers, wives and sisters, who stood prayerful and agonized, as if awaiting an execution. Silence hung, like a fixed spell, on every tongue ; for from every homestead had gone a loved one, and the cars, they knew, were coming freighted with sorrow for some of them. "Hark ! the long whistle." "That means victory," said some, scarcely above their breath ; for they knew that,

"On the wings of Victory
Death's shafts were ever sped."

"A glorious victory !" said the conductor, as the cars came into the depôt ; but he spoke in tones that might have announced a defeat, they were so solemn.

Fitz stood speechless, for he could sing pœans for no victory until assured his father — whose precious life had been risked where

"Bellowing batteries thundered,
And sulph'rous smoke rose high"—

had come safely through the deadly conflict.

When the train reached the depôt, the conductor handed the list of killed and wounded to the Rev. Dr. Smith, with the request that he would "read it aloud, so as to relieve the anxiety of the waiting multitude as speedily as possible."

Dr. Smith took it, and read : "The long-expected battle has been fought, and won, — but at a terrible

cost to South Carolina, who mourns among the fallen some of her bravest officers. The gallant General St. Clair —” and he stopped, trembling with emotion, and looked pityingly at Fitz, who stood transfixed, wildly staring at him, with clasped hands and haggard countenance —

“Not killed, sir? Oh, my God! not killed?” he exclaimed, imploringly.

“—— fell, making a desperate charge, at the head of his division, in the thickest of the fight,” continued the Doctor.

Poor Fitz! The conductor, who knew the agony in store for the son, whose beautiful devotion he had so much admired, had walked round, and stood prepared to minister to him when the blow fell. With tears coursing down his own cheeks, he led the tearless, haggard, shivering boy to a seat. Deep grief is always passionless, and not one sigh, groan, or tear, told the spectators that his heart was breaking.

Rev. Mr. Elliott, his mother's pastor, came and sat by him, and, taking the cold hand in his own, tenderly talked of the dead; of his beautiful life; his glorious death; the immortality of fame he had won; but he spoke in deaf ears. If he was heard, there was no intimation given of it, for Fitz's only consciousness was, that he of whom they were speaking was dead! Killed! Gone forever. When Mr. Elliott proposed that they should go to his mother, he got up submissively and accompanied him as though he was asleep. When they came in sight of the house, he looked up

pitifully into Mr. Elliott's face and said, "I am too ill. I cannot meet my mother now. The tidings you are taking will kill her; be merciful;" and leaving Mr. Elliott to go into the house alone, he walked into the woods near by and threw himself upon his face on the ground, trying to submit with every heart-string bursting. He had said truly, "he was ill;" heart and head alike ached. He longed for death, and prayed that it might come to his release. He was so crushed and helpless that, when he tried to pray, no words would come, only "Lord Jesus, have mercy." At last a numbness and insensibility mercifully crept over him. He thought he was dying, which, to him, now meant only going to his father. Closing his eyes, his tortured nerves languished, and he was alike insensible to sorrow or joy until late in the evening. With consciousness returned the dreary sense of his terrible sorrow and loneliness. How lonely he felt. "Was everybody gone, mother?" Ah, where was his mother? He had, in his own great grief, forgotten hers. He must go to her at once.

When he entered her chamber, he looked like a flower over which a fierce storm had passed. Every one in the room wept as they saw the marks of his suffering. Walking up to the bed, he knelt, and taking the cold, white hand in his own, he said, "Only live, mother, for our sakes. We will try and help you bear it." All through that dreadful night, although his mother did not recognize him, no entreaties could get him from her side.

“We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.
So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As though we had lent her half our powers
To eke her being out.”

Entirely delirious, her ravings were of “home, her own beautiful island home,” with her husband ever at her side; then again, wildly, she would be interposing to keep from him some threatened danger; and once, perfectly exhausted, she sank back upon her pillow, clasped her hands, and with tears streaming from her eyes, prayed.

“Speak low to me, my Saviour—low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so,
Who art not missed by any that entreat.”

In the morning the doctor proposed bringing her baby to her, in the hope that the sight of it would rouse her to consciousness. Some one, to still the child’s cries, during the night had administered paregoric carelessly, and there was a stain upon her little apron, which, as soon as Mrs. St. Clair saw, she pointed at in horror, exclaiming, “Blood! blood! O God! her father’s blood!” and fell into a swoon so deep and protracted, we thought she had left us forever.

During her intervals of sanity, she would say, “I

must not die with mother's work to do, doctor ; my children have no one in the world but me ; you must not let me die ; I cannot leave them in this harsh, cold world. Oh, it would be sweet to die ; but I promised my husband to live for his children ;" and this was the feeling that triumphed even over death, and made that poor, stricken mother turn and take up life's heavy burden, when she so longed

"To rest her aching heart beneath the soil,
And slumber in her dreamless bed, free from all toil."

A "mother's love ;" what is there like it in all this wide world ? It can keep even death at bay, and say to sorrow, poverty, and want, "for my children's sake" I will not shrink from you, but will meet you, though I have to do it alone. And how alone, that timid, shrinking mother felt none but her God knew. She had been so sustained and sheltered by the strong right arm of him upon whom she had leaned, but who now lay

"beneath the sod
On pillow dark and gory,
As brave a man as ever trod
A battle-field of glory."

And she was alone, terribly alone, in this unpitying world.

In General St. Clair, his father lost his only child, the prop and stay of his old age. In poverty, and weakness extreme, he was left, and it was a touching sight to see the tall, elegant old gentleman, with bowed

head, and hands behind him, slowly walking the piazza, while his long, silvery hair, combed back from his high, intellectual forehead, curled to his shoulders.

“There is something moves one strangely
In old ruins gray with years,
Yet there’s something far more tender
In an old face wet with tears.”

He was chastened, but resigned. No murmur ever escaped him, and if he was sometimes heard to ask, “How long, O God, how long?” he oftener said, “He doeth all things well.” “I expected to lean on his strong arm, but God has ordained it otherwise, and I must totter to the grave alone; yet, thank God, He has promised never to forsake me; His rod and His staff they comfort me. I will join my brave sons where no enemy can part us. Until then I will trust my Heavenly Father, for, after all, maybe

‘the kind dark angel, has only
Drawn them within the secret shadow of his cloud,
To hide them from the fearful fate now hurrying up.’”





CHAPTER X.

THE DEATH OF OLD MR. ST. CLAIR.

FITZ did not return to college after the death of his father, for he had the whole care of providing for the family, and comfortless himself, had to become the comforter of all the rest.

He sought, and obtained, a situation in a store, where he received "a small salary and was boarded."

When he went to the table of his employer, who was the richest man in the town, and kept the best table, the thought of the little home group sitting down to corn-bread and sorghum, prevented his eating a mouthful. How could he eat the meat that would give his poor, feeble mother strength to nourish her little teething babe? and the dear old grandfather now met him day by day with a failing step, which told that he needed strengthening food. No, he could not eat the food they were perishing for, so he begged to "have his meals sent to the store," and as he was a great favorite, the request was complied with.

Every particle of meat, and everything else at all

dainty, was laid aside and carried home. He ate scarcely enough to keep him alive, and that only of the plainest fare.

"Mrs. Duncan must be a very generous provider, Fitz, or else you bring home all she sends," said his mother to him, one day, as he walked in, and laid his basket upon the table, saying, as usual, "Here is part of my dinner, mamma."

"Do I look as if I were starving?" he asked.

Mrs. St. Clair looked at him, and saw what she had not before observed, that his cheeks were sunken and hollow, and she had in the look unmistakable evidence that Fitz was indeed starving himself, to feed his family. That decided her course. A friend in Columbia had been urging her "to rent her home, move down, and take a situation in the Treasury Department." She was delighted at the prospect of being able to relieve Fitz of part of the burden of their support; but he had objected to any such arrangement, insisting that he was able to take care of them. Mrs. St. Clair became convinced that it was her duty to go to Columbia, and began to make preparations to leave immediately. Fitz went down to reconnoitre, and the reconnoissance was so satisfactory that he came back delighted, having obtained a good situation for himself, and the assurance that the employment offered his mother was not fatiguing, and quite remunerative.

Upon his return, his mother informed him that while he was away "Mr. Gassy had called and advised her to 'sell her house, and invest the money in bonds'!"

"What is in the wind now, I wonder?" said Fitz. "If that sharper is investing in real estate, you may be sure it will be safe to keep it. The hawk! I wish he would keep away from our dove-cote, for it would be just like him to take advantage of us. Don't tolerate him, mamma."

"He did not come to buy, my son, only to advise, and he did so in the kindest and most interested manner. Do you know your prejudice against Mr. Gassy is terribly bitter, and really unaccountable to me. But here he comes."

"Only dropped in, in a neighborly way: had n't heard of Fitz's arrival: thought maybe Mrs. St. Clair might be needing some advice, which his great financial ability made him eminently capable of giving. As Fitz was at home, would n't stay."

Of course he would not, for he knew Fitz understood him thoroughly, and he shrank from his clear, truthful eye like a whipped spaniel, although it was only a boy's eye that looked him through.

Mrs. St. Clair rented her house most advantageously to a farmer, who agreed to pay the rent in provisions, which at that time money could not buy, and began packing for the move.

It was Sabbath, and the last one they would spend in that town. The children attended preaching with their grandfather, and the dear old man had enjoyed the services. In the evening he conducted family worship, read with great solemnity the ninetyeth psalm, and joined in singing that beautiful hymn,

“Oh, Thou who hearest the mourner's prayer,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and injured here,
We could not fly to Thee.”

After the hymn he prayed earnestly and fervently for peace, and that the cry of the widows and orphans, all over the land, might reach high heaven, and the dreadful bloodshed be stopped. He kissed them all good-night, appearing quite as well as usual, and retired.

In the morning, when they met at breakfast, grandpa did not come. Fitz went to inquire if he was sick, and found him dead! Alone in the night, apparently without a struggle, he had met and conquered the King of Terrors, and now lay sweetly asleep in Jesus.

“Two hands upon the breast —
Labor was done;
Two pale feet, crossed in rest —
The race was won;
Two eyes in Death's sleep shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips, where grief is mute —
Anger at peace.”

He had gone to join those whom he had loved and mourned, in the “land of peace” for which he sighed; and when

“We looked upon his cold, dead face,
We felt 'twas wrong to weep;
For we had known his suffering,
And knew how sweet his sleep.”



CHAPTER XI.

SPECULATORS.

FITZ preceded the family to Columbia a few weeks, in order to prepare for their reception. To his great sorrow, when his mother came, she informed him that "she had sold their house to Mr. Gassy."

"O mother, dear mother, how could you fall into the trap of that wily speculator? Surely I deserved your confidence; you have made a terrible mistake, and we will have to suffer for it. I really thought you gave me credit for common sense."

"My son, you are hasty in your judgment; listen to the facts, and do not let prejudice make you unreasonable. Mr. Gassy had money sent him from Richmond to invest, and really meant to do us all a service by purchasing our house; he argued, as we were going from the up-country, probably never to return, the property would be let go to decay, for no one ever takes care of a hired house, so my best plan would be to sell in S—— and purchase in Columbia."

"From whom, pray? I hope you will insist on his coming down and buying property for you, the scoundrel."

"I am sorry, my dear boy, to see you so angry and unreasonable; has Confederate money depreciated so as to be utterly worthless?"

"It has, mother, and that disinterested philanthropist knew it. But here is a verse in this very paper about his tribe; read it, I have not the patience to do it for you." Mrs. St. Clair read:

"The speculator, what cares he for the tears that fall,
Or the hearts that he shivers and breaks;
His ear is deaf to the orphan's call,
While there's a dime or a cent to make."

"That's a picture of your patriotic, disinterested Gassy," said Fitz, starting to leave the room, with a face flushed with anger that he could not control.

"Stop, Fitz," said his mother, in a calm, but decided tone; "do not let your temper make you disrespectful to your mother, my son. When you are prepared to hear me, I will go into details, and I am sure I can satisfy you that the transaction is for the best."

Fitz was silent, for he knew the man with whom it was made, better than his mother did; he remembered his father's conversation with him the day he urged the General "to the front," and in his very heart he despised and loathed him.

"I told him," Mrs. St. Clair went on to say, "that you were opposed to the sale. He said to a stranger

you might be, but he wanted us to understand that it was not a mere business transaction, but a compact between friends, to be rectified if it did not turn out advantageous to us, for he was consulting our interest solely and entirely."

"Did he put that fine speech in writing?" said Fitz, not in the least mollified by it.

"No, Fitz; but a gentleman would regard sacredly a promise; would he not?"

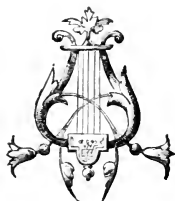
"Certainly, a gentleman would; but that canting hypocrite is not a gentleman. Mother, I wonder at a lady of your sense being deceived by him; he has swindled us out of our home, and did it knowingly and designedly, and is now chuckling over the sharp trick. You will find out I am right."

"But what do you make of this paper, which Mr. Gassy fortified himself with when he came the last time? Here is an appeal from the authorities at Richmond, calling upon all patriots and lovers of their country to 'invest in bonds.' Would they advise this, my son, if they knew that to invest thus would be ruin?"

"I am very sour, mother, and I tell you the truth. I would rather form my opinion from what these advisers are doing themselves, than by what they are advising others to do. Some of them have their agents in every city, town, and village in the South, buying up the estates they are advising the widows and orphans to sell, and after the war, when the soldiers' families will be in poor-houses and asy-

lums, they will be revelling in their ill-gotten gains. But let us drop this subject, or I shall forget myself again. I thank God there is a tribunal where the Judge of the widow will reverse the decisions of earth. You will get justice then, for the sentence on ‘those who devour widows’ houses’ has already been passed. Thank God for a judgment-day and a righteous Judge.”

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CHAPTER XII.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

MRS. ST. CLAIR had just settled in Columbia when Sherman began his raid through Georgia. Rumors that his army were coming to Columbia were current; but week after week passed, and he did not come. Mrs. St. Clair did not believe he would.

She was a Virginian, the daughter of an officer in the United States army, who died just before the war. She loved the old flag, under which her father had so often and so bravely fought; and always heard with sorrow, reflections upon the officers with whom she had been so intimately associated.

The bare suggestion that the United States army, officered by graduates of West Point, — her father's Alma Mater, — would attack a town from which all the men were absent, and filled with defenceless women and children, would be immediately repelled by her with impatient rebuke. "There were gentlemen in the army up to the war," she would argue. "The Southerners only left — what has become of the others?"

"General McClellan, your friend, has no command now," said her opponent.

"But I have other friends in the United States army, as brave and as chivalric as I know General McClellan to be."

"Well, I hope you may not meet them soon," laughingly responded Madam Secesh, "for, I tell you plainly, I would as soon meet banditti."

After the lady left, Mrs. St. Clair said: "You see, Fitz, how unfair and rash prejudice can make people: as though my dear, gallant father had belonged to a band of bandits! If the mayor does his duty, and the town of Columbia is surrendered to the officer in command of the United States forces, I shall feel as safe as if we were under the command of the gallant Beauregard himself, who was educated where chivalry is taught; and so were the United States navy and army officers. The fact is, I would lose faith in the justice of our cause, almost as soon as I would in the honor and chivalry of a West Point graduate."

"I hope you may have no reason to change your opinion," said Fitz, "and I only wish I shared it, mamma."

Sherman's well-equipped army of seventy-five thousand, was to be opposed by four thousand half-starved Confederates, with wardrobes almost in as sad a plight as Falstaff's regiment.

Our officers knew that the defencelessness of the city would not protect it, but, on the contrary, give greater license to our invaders. Consequently, they tried to

gain for the poor women as long a time as possible to escape with their little ones out of the doomed city.

The brave Wheeler, with only six hundred men, defended successfully the line of works on the north side of Congaree Creek, and kept the enemy from crossing until four o'clock.

On the 16th of February, the shelling of the city commenced. No warning had been given, or any demand made for its surrender.

"What do you think of our honorable foe, now?" asked Mrs. Secesh of Mrs. St. Clair.

"I do not understand it; there must be some misunderstanding, so I will hope for the best," she replied.

The bursting of shells in houses filled with little children, caused a terrible panic. Thousands of women, decrepid old men, and helpless children, with bundles of clothing or baskets of food, were flying wildly in every direction, not knowing where to go for safety or shelter. The enemy were at the gates; the sound of cannon was heard; shells were exploding in every street, and tumult and excitement reigned. It was pandemonium — to be changed in a few hours to hell.

Little May had been quite ill, and the doctor guarded them against change or excitement for her. "She must be kept perfectly quiet," was his charge, on leaving. So they resolved to remain, and brave danger for her sake.

She was a darling little pet, and as timid as a bird. Whenever a shell exploded, she would shut tight her soft blue eyes, and say, "Bad! May tell papa."

Mrs. St. Clair longed to hear of the surrender of the city, for she still clung to the insane idea that it meant safety and protection. Mayor Goodwyn, knowing her peculiar situation and great anxiety, stopped by on the 17th, and informed her that "an honorable surrender had been made, and accepted; and that Colonel Stone, of the Federal army, had solemnly assured him that 'the inhabitants of the city might rest assured they would be as safe in Federal as in Confederate hands, for not one finger's-breadth of the city should be harmed.'"

"I knew they would respect the laws of civilized warfare," she said exultingly. "The bare idea of soldiers fighting women and children, under the United States flag, was preposterous! I am glad the agony is over; I seem to feel as if my father's spirit was near me, bidding me trust;" and taking her poor sick baby in her lap, she was singing,

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed," —

when a squad of soldiers came into the room, and "demanded all the valuables she had in her possession."

She told them she was a poor widow — a refugee from the coast, and that her valuables had all been left in their island-home, during the attack on Port Royal, in 1861.

"Give me that heavy gold ring!" said one of the savages, seizing her hand, and trying to remove her wedding-ring. "I hadn't money enough to buy a

ring when I was noosed ; but I always knew my time would come."

"It is my wedding-ring," pleaded Mrs. St. Clair ; "and my husband is dead." Fitz sprang like a tiger ; but his mother stood between him and the cowardly ruffian who was insulting her. "You will not throw away your life, Fitz ; I need you, my son." Then dropping the ring from her poor attenuated finger into the hand of the brute who was still clutching her, she turned, and said to an officer, — one of the gang, — "I am the daughter of a United States officer. There," pointing to her father's commission, which hung framed over the mantel, "is what ought to guarantee me protection, if my sex and my poor, dying babe do not."

"Phew!" said the epauletted savage, running his bayonet through the commission. "Yankee commissions ain't worth much down in this latitude, so I guess I'll burn this," and, suiting the action to the word, he thrust it into the fire.

"And I am more'n obliged for this horse-blanket, maum," said another, snatching the beautiful Afghan — relic of better days — in which the baby was wrapped.

"Bad!" said the poor little baby ; and the blue eyes closed tightly, as if to shut out the sight.

Mrs. St. Clair replaced it with a shawl, which was immediately appropriated by another one of the rogues, who said : "I've no scruples about taking your shawl, you see, marm ; because I know you will find it hot enough to do without it to-night. I tell you, two hours after Sherman's sky-rockets go up, there will be

nothing this side of the burning pit that will at all compare with the fireworks you'll see."

Mrs. St. Clair was in despair. What to do she knew not. It was too late for her to leave the city now. Little May's cheeks were crimson with fever, and her head tossed restlessly from side to side. "Ma, ma, take," she moaned with almost every breath.

"The rockets have gone up, and the whole town is being set on fire!" said a neighbor, rushing in.

"Rena has fainted!" exclaimed Fitz.

"Oh, mamma, dear mamma," said Clara; "I ith little, do hug me to you; I so faid of the Yankeeth. I wish Jesus would come and take me in his arms. I want to go to sleep."

That gave Harry an idea, and down he got upon his knees, and prayed: "Do, my dear Jesus, send an angel down to help us; that one you sent in the fiery furnace, to help them other little children; and don't let the Yankees burn us up."

"Bubba Hally," said Clara, "why don't you not beg him to thend our own dear papa; he ith the bethest;" and down she knelt at her brother's side; and, looking up to heaven, with her baby hands clasped, she prayed: "O do, my dear Jethuth, thend our dear papa to help uth, for the Yankeeth ith going to kill uth, and burn uth up, and we's dot not a thoul to help uth."

Mrs. St. Clair looked from one to the other, and then, in piteous tones, said: "Oh, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

"There's some Yankee soldiers out there, a-setting fire to the house, ma'am," said the cook, running in.

"Let me go," said Mrs. St. Clair to Fitz, at the same time putting the baby in his arms. She could not trust her impulsive, high-strung boy to the temptation he would feel to resent the cruel outrage.

When she went out, she found the fiends saturating cotton in some combustible mixture, and smearing it over all the woodwork. She told them "how ill her baby was, and pleaded with them to leave her a shelter over its head — if only until morning;" but they were bent on accomplishing their fiendish work. Again, and again did the children and servant extinguish the fire; but at length it was beyond extinguishing — the whole dwelling was in a blaze, and they barely escaped with their lives.

The icy coldness of little May's breath, and the restless tossing of her head, warned Fitz that the poor, tortured little lamb would soon be in the arms of the heavenly Shepherd. "May tay home, and do seepy," she pleaded, as they were carrying her out of the blazing house, at midnight, in the month of February.

Main Street, from its northern to its southern extremity, was a solid wall of fire; the wind was blowing a hurricane, and tossed the lurid flames hundreds of feet into the air, while

"Women's shrieks and children's cries
Went pealing up the ensanguined skies."

The falling ruins, with thunderous sound, shook the ground. Drunken soldiers, swearing wild, blasphemous oaths, would snatch the bundles from the poor

mothers, who were trying to save a change of clothing for their children, and toss them into the flames. At one o'clock the town-clock sounded its own death-knell, and fell, with deafening crash, from the burning spire. A long and mournful procession of pale nuns, and trembling school-girls, led by their stately, dignified mother-superior, were leaving the burning Ursuline to seek shelter in the graveyard: their prayer for their convent had been made in vain, and they hurried from the living to the dead.

In the park, on the cold ground, wrapped in the cloak of a young Federal officer from the West, is the corpse of a child-mother and her babe, which was born in the street at midnight. Your wild cry, loving, gentle Eva, "Is there a God?" has been answered; the everlasting arms are around you, and you are safe from your tormentors forever. But who will tell your gallant husband the horrible fate of his beautiful bride? God pity him!

Fitz tried to reach Sydney Park, but fire-balls, from the heights, were thrown so incessantly among the crowd, he was afraid to go farther; and had just stopped to think where there was a probability of finding a safe retreat, when a ruffian soldier snatched at little May, and he had to yield her, to prevent her limbs being torn asunder. When he took her back, the little head fell languidly upon his shoulders, the spasmed arms were stretched out, and the dying lips uttered, "papa." Then the murdered father and child, met for the first time.

"When will this dreadful work end?" asked Fitz of an officer.

"At sunrise you will hear the bugle; the men have license until then," he replied, and he asked, "Is it not a grand, glorious sight? I would not have missed it for a hundred thousand dollars."

"If there is a God in heaven, you will wish, at the Judgment, that you had," said a poor, old lady, who was sitting on a bundle of clothes, trembling with age and exhaustion.

"Do you think so, old grandma? then I'll make the most of the fun while it lasts," said he, pulling her bundle from under her, and leaving her lying on the ground.

Before the bugle sounded to call in the soldiers from their hellish work, South Carolina's beautiful capital, the garden city of the State, was a mass of smoking ruins. No pencil can picture, or pen portray, the horrors of that dreadful night. "I have spent one night in hell," wrote a New York lady to her mother, "and if the torments of the lost spirits at all compare with those inflicted by human fiends, God in heaven pity us."

Mrs. Downing, a gifted poetess of the old North State, describes the dreadful scenes of that night with such a graphic pen, that I want everybody to read them, and for this reason I here quote them:

"I saw
The ruffian soldiers forward spring,
And heard the defenceless city ring

With cries and curses, prayers and groans,
And crashing roofs and falling stones,
And soldiers' yells of wild desire,
Commingled in a sea of fire,
Which hissed and blazed, and raged and roared,
As fast its molten torrent poured
On church and convent, store and street,
In billows of devouring heat.
Our guardian angels fled away, —
Far from the doom they could not stay, —
While powers of darkness burst their chain,
And sin and Satan reigned again;
Meanwhile they pilfered, warriors bold,
All that was precious: gems and gold,
And priceless pictures, books as rare, —
Tore jewels out of woman's ear,
Snatched wedding-rings from fingers slight,
Took silken robes and diamonds bright, —
Nay, stole, as many a mother knows,
Even new-born babies' tiny clothes.

We heard the white-veiled novice shriek
Within her convent cell, then seek
The Virgin's aid with stifled breath,
To 'scape from insult worse than death.
We saw old men, who frantic stood,
Their snowy locks besmeared with blood,
Striving to form a shelter frail
For some death-stricken infant pale,
Beat down, and trampled by the throng,
With mocking curse and obscene song.

And one we saw, who late had been,
As pure as dew-drops, when their sheen
Bedecks the rose-bud's pearly brow
With crystalline perfection — now
A gibbering idiot, mouthed and smiled,
And chattered like a little child.
Her brave boy-brother near her lay,
Gasping his murdered life away.

We saw the priest struck to the ground
Beside the altar, while around
The ribald soldiers, pressing up,
Filled high the eucharistic cup
With sacramental wine, then drained,
With hands in human blood all stained."

Such was the burning of Columbia in the nineteenth century. It will appear like a terrible tragical romance fifty years hence, and even now at the North many are credulous and will think we have drawn on imagination for the horrible facts we have stated.





CHAPTER XIII.

THE BURIAL OF BABY MAY.

I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whoever believeth in me shall never die."

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth ; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and not another."

This solemn ritual service was being read at the head of a tiny grave, over a small unpainted, rough pine box, in which lay the waxen form of lovely little May.

The poor, heart-broken mother leaned wearily upon the arm of Fitz, in whose face was the hard, bitter look that had come there when little May's sweet spirit had been torn from her body by the fiendish soldier. When he looked down at the little form, so still and cold in death, and remembered that the waxen hands, folded

so quietly now, had been used last to implore protection, the struggle for self-control became so intense that great drops of sweat stood in beads upon his knitted brow, and his mouth twitched convulsively. The thirst for revenge, absorbed even the feeling of grief; and he stood as tearless as though he was not there to consign to the grave the idol of the family.

Harry and Clara, hand in hand, looked, wonderingly, from the minister into the grave, which seemed too dark and deep to be the resting-place of their happy little sister. Rena knelt over the open coffin, kissing the icy lips, as though she could not give them up. Before they closed the lid, Mrs. St. Clair stooped, and kissing the marble brow, said, without a tear: "Even so, Father, if so it seemeth good unto thee."

Yours, lovely little Snowdrop, was the saddest of all sad funerals: but,

"This world was all too bleak and cold,
To yield you quiet rest:
God took you to his heavenly fold,
And laid you in his breast."

The old clergyman who performed the burial-service was over seventy years of age. The soldiers had so cruelly beaten him, that his right arm was disabled for life. Some one had to hold the book, and he read the services sitting in a chair, half blinded with the smoke from the ruins of the burnt church.

It would be impossible to imagine the sufferings of our people after the terrible raid. Three and four families, as destitute of food and clothing as they were

of shelter, might be found huddled together in a condemned car. They would go to the deserted camps of the enemy, gather up the corn the horses had left, and boil it for food.

“When we thought we had reached the far limit at last,
One throe—and the point of endurance be past—
When we shivering hung on the verge of despair,
There still seemed capacity left us to bear.”

Mrs. St. Clair's pitiable condition attracted the sympathy of a party who were going across the country, to seek some spot where the danger of starving was less imminent than in Columbia. They invited her to join their party, with her children. The journey was to be made in a dilapidated old road-wagon, drawn by mules condemned by Sherman's army as not even fit for them to steal, — so it is not difficult to imagine the extreme forlornness of the animals. It was understood, beforehand, that the wagon was not to be as much a mode of conveyance by day, as a shelter for the women and children by night. The roads were almost impassable, and they felt it safer to walk than ride. Three times they were bogged down, once overturned, and often drenched with rain. They were travelling through a country desolated by Sherman, and chimneys and walls — “home's last relics” — were all that was left to tell where the “hospitable homes of Carolina” once stood. Often these poor exiles would not have a mouthful to eat for a day or two. Then they would come up to an abandoned camp, and get enough to last several days. Once they had been twenty-four hours without tasting

food, and had resigned themselves to die, when they were providentially met by the Rev. Colonel S——, with provisions, in a nondescript vehicle, a cross between a sleigh and a wheelbarrow. The Colonel was going twenty miles, to take food to the Yankee prisoners. He had been the bravest of the brave upon the field of battle. Like his warrior bishop, he laid aside his snowy lawn to tread “war’s path of awful duty,” and, like all brave men, was magnanimous enough to feel for a foe in his power.

“Colonel, you are not surely going to carry food to those miserable wretches who have treated us so barbarously?” said Mr. L.

“Yes, sir, that is just what I am on my way to do,” he replied.

“Do you think they deserve anything better than prison-fare when they have wickedly and wantonly destroyed all the food in the country, regardless of all our entreaties and the knowledge of the fact that our women and children must starve? I implored them to leave me some corn-meal for my family; they said ‘certainly,’ and then fiendishly emptied a barrel of turpentine into the bin. No, sir, I would see their whole nation starve, before I would take from the pittance we have left to feed them.”

“Brother, my Bible says, ‘If your enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink.’ These men are our enemies, and God knows what cruel ones they have been, but they are now in our power, and magnanimity, as well as Christianity forbids our letting them starve. Some of the provisions in this cart have

been given me by people who have not two weeks' supply ahead, yet they divided with me, and I prayed God to make what was left as the oil and meal of the widow."

"Well, you are wrong, sir, and are only continuing the war; their government is abundantly able to take care of them; they leave them prisoners in a country desolated by war, even when our government has offered to release them without exchange. They know our own soldiers are on quarter rations, and are dying for want of food. We used it as an argument to get them to take their prisoners off our hands, 'that we could not feed them,' but they persist in leaving them here, and I go in for carrying out their wishes, and starving them to death.

"No, sir, I cannot afford to become the agent of Grant and Stanton, in carrying out any such inhuman plan; to their God, and the soldiers, they must answer for their cold-blooded cruelty, but I will not consent to become a party in it."

"The blessed Saviour, when upon the earth, sent out His Disciples to preach, but he did not forbid them to preach, or request them not to preach to His murderers; on the contrary, He commanded them to preach His gospel to His murderers first, 'beginning at Jerusalem.' He, and not Grant and Stanton, must be our copy, and to-day He says to us, as He did to them — 'Give of your penury to the men who have burned your houses, murdered your men, women, and children, and left you ruined, desolate, bereaved.' It is a hard lesson for flesh and blood, I grant you, but we cannot skip it and be prepared for the great examination day."

It is a matter both of pride and rejoicing at the South that the statistics of our enemies prove the fact that, notwithstanding our ports were blockaded, and we were unable to procure food, clothing, or medicine, that the Federals, who had the whole world from which to draw commissary supplies, allowed over one-tenth more of our men to die in their prisons, than they themselves admit, of their men who died in Confederate prisons. What does this fact prove? I think, most conclusively, that Wirz was not the only man who deserved hanging.

Boys, "when you are told about the horrors of Andersonville and the cruelty of the Southerners to Federal prisoners," refer them to their own statistics,* and ask them whose fault it was that their prisoners were left here to starve, and how it happened that so many more of our men died under their care, "if they were so kind and merciful?" for they had all the appliances for health, comfort, and cure, and yet "two out of every fifteen of our men died in their prisons," they say, and, (of course, they have done us no more than justice,) while only "two out of twenty-four of their men died in our Southern pens." This fact needs no comment; it speaks for itself, and is an answer to the terrible stories of Southern barbarity, told all over the North, until it would be rare to find even a child that was not familiar with them.

* The numbers given are taken from the report of the Secretary of War, in reply to a resolution of the House of Representatives, calling upon that officer for "the number of prisoners of either side held, and that died during the war."



CHAPTER XIV.

DEFEAT.

AT length this dreadful war is ended.
The die is cast,
And we who counted ill the cost
And ventured all,
Have staked and lost.
Oh, Heavenly Father,
Have we borne the sorrows of four long years,
Have we wept till our eyes are blind with tears,
Only to meet this sight?
Oh, merciful God, can it really be
This downfall awaits our glorious Lee
And the cause we counted right?
Have we known this aching, bitter pain,
Have all our dear ones died in vain,
Has God forsaken quite?
Is this the answer to our prayer,
This anguish of untold despair,
This spirit-scathing blight?
Heart-broken, we kneel on the bloody sod,
We hide from the wrath of our angry God,
Who bows us in the dust.
We heed not the taunts of our victor foe;
But that Thou, O God, should forsake us so,
In whom was our only trust."

When Stonewall Jackson, our immortal battle-king, "crossed the dark river to rest under the shadow of the trees," shot by men with whom his very name was an inspiration, and who would have died to save him, "shot in the dark!" the darkness was so profound that it enveloped the whole Confederacy in the gloom, and we found it hard to keep our rebellious hearts from questioning the o'erwhelming dispensation. We could not bear to think that no more the brigade he had rendered immortal would hear the command "Silence! Ground arms! Caps off! Kneel all!" It was the midnight of our cause, when we needed him most, and that fatal shot just then,

"Ah me, how dark! Was it a brief eclipse,
Or was it night, with no to-morrow's sun.
O Father, Father, with our pale, sad lips,
And sadder hearts, we tried to pray, 'Thy will be done.'"

But even then, hope was only eclipsed, not extinguished, for

"When our triumph was delayed,
And every heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on, while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee."

But now, that too is sheathed, and all is gone, save our trust in God, and we are groping after him "in the dark" and saying with Job, "Oh, that we might find him" amid this dreadful gloom. Nine hundred thousand millions of dollars, and the lives of over five hundred thousand white men sacrificed to make slaves

of the white race at the South, and place the ignorant negro in power. Surely, "Thy ways, O God, are past finding out."

Boys! Soldiers' sons! My whole heart goes out to you, and for you, and I am writing this book, God knows, for no other purpose than to show my love for you. I want you to be worthy of your brave fathers, and never permit any one in your presence to say "they were the perpetrators of unnatural and monstrous crimes," or that "they fill dishonored graves." Listen to what Governor Wise says about them, for I am beggared for words when I attempt to write about the "Heroes of the Lost Cause." He says:

"The blessed and ever glorious dead, are not here to defend their memories from the taint of the reproach of 'rebellion and treason.' Alas! I am alive, and here, and am bound at every hazard to declare, that our fallen braves were no rebels, and no traitors, but were true patriots, loyal citizens, well-tried and true soldiers, brave, honest, devoted men, who proved their faith in their principles, by the deaths, which canonized them 'immortal heroes and martyrs.'"

Then, Southern boys, we again call upon you to be true to the memory of our illustrious dead, for there is nothing in their proud record, to cause a blush to tinge your cheek; though no marble shaft pierces the sky to tell the world where fallen valor lies, their record is in our hearts, their memory is enshrined there, and we offer the incense of affection and tears now, with as sincere a devotion, and as deep sorrow as when we consigned them to the tomb.

“We need no piles of sculptured marble gray
To tell us where our Southern soldiers lay;
Each heart erects its own immortal shrine,
And there inscribes the epitaph divine.

“Brave heroes of a lost, but sacred cause,
Though now withheld your well-deserved applause,
Impartial history will in time grow bold,
And all your glorious deeds will then be told.”

We can afford to wait. Good men and true, at the North as well as at the South, will before long arise, and claim the honor of assisting to rear a monument to soldiers who “died fighting to maintain the United States government in its purity, as our fathers left it to us.” We had no quarrel with the Federal Government, only with the corrupt tyrants who administered it, so as to turn the best government in the world into a cruel despotism.

I know, boys, you have a hard time of it, and when the sons of ignorant and unprincipled men, whom the seething of the political caldron has thrown to the surface, are lording it over you because you are poor and shabbily dressed, it is only human to be tempted to wish that your dear fathers had stayed at home, too, and “taken care of number one,” instead of acting as they did. But don’t you do it, for you have a capital in your father’s fame that far outweighs their ill-gotten pelf. Put a proper estimate upon it; don’t squander it. Anybody can make money if they are not particular how they do it, and are willing to sacrifice conscience, principles, country, to accomplish it; but

after they have made millions, they could not with it purchase a soul like your father's — brave enough to die in defence of the right. No, if they had the wealth of the whole world in their possession, they could not buy such an one, for it came direct from God.

The tendency to mammon-worship, in this age, unsettles the young, and they learn to value a man only for what he is worth in dollars and cents. They could have no more incorrect standard, than the accident of riches, for the poorest man in the whole world is the one who has money and nothing else. Do any of you know for a certainty the name of "the rich man" mentioned in the New Testament? He was "very rich," but left not even a name, while the name of the Christian beggar will be known to the latest generation. So much for money, used to the soul's undoing. "The name of the wicked shall perish."

If you can make money honestly, thank God for it; if you cannot, He don't mean you to have it. He knows you can't be trusted with it; and don't you turn any short corners to circumvent Him, for you will have to spend a long eternity in hell, to pay the interest on money stolen by your superior cunning from widows and orphans.

Dr. Osgood tells us, this disgusting sycophancy to money, is not found among the cultivated and refined people of Europe. Mere wealth, will not entitle you to recognition among the "better classes" there. They are intolerant of that meanest of all pride — "purse-pride" — but delight to do honor to talent, no matter

how lowly its accessories. He tells us of a poor scholar whom he visited in his garret, and who, notwithstanding his poverty, was an honored guest at the king's table. In America, a retired boot-black would have snubbed him. But mind, and do not err too far on the other side, by taking it for granted a rich man must of necessity be a mean man; it is by no means so. All honor is due the man who, by his industry and energy, earns money, and then has wisdom enough to use it in drying the orphan's tears and hushing the widow's cry, and who can say to a struggling brother, "Lean on me, you shall not fall." In the day of eternity, when the gold of earth will be valueless, he will find placed to his credit, in the banker's book of life, "an exceeding great and eternal weight of glory."

Riches are often sent from God to bless humanity. Unborn generations will thank God for giving George Peabody wealth. It is not making money that ruins a man, but the means he uses in order to make it, and the application of it after it is made: "seeing his neighbour have need, and shutting up his bowels of compassion." What comfort do you suppose, the recollection of having been a rich man will afford the poor lost soul, who has heard the accusation, "I was an hungered and ye fed me not, naked and ye clothed me not?" "Shrouds have no pockets;" and what sensible man would be willing to be a poor miserable bankrupt, shut up in the regions of eternal despair, throughout a long eternity, just for the privilege of being called a rich man, a few short years?

The Bible tells of a rich man, who, "when the ear heard him, then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. He was a father to the poor, and the cause he knew not, he searched out."

Who would not be such a rich man as this? Take him for your model, boys, and then make all the money you can. But Job is not the only rich man who blesses the world by his example. We have some of nature's noblemen even in our own day, and time. I know a merchant-prince—I wish I could say he lived in South Carolina, but he does not—who took Job for his model. He started in life very poor, and met no sympathy while struggling with adversity. He told me he suffered so much from the want of a friend, that he resolved, if he ever had it in his power, he would be a friend to the friendless whenever he met them, and not content himself with telling people to "go to work" who had no work to go to; for he had learned from the sad experience of many young men, that, in their history, before they yielded to temptation, there was a time when even a kind look, from a strong man, would have saved them. It was a poor boon they craved; but it was withheld, and they went down amid the breakers. Ah! Cain is not the only man, to whom the Lord will say, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth

unto me from the ground." We all crave riches, but who would willingly assume them, with their responsibilities, if our eyes were enlightened. The owner of the ten talents must bring other ten, or he will never hear the "well done" of his Lord. Well, my friend laid down his plans in childhood, and has worked up to them; and to-day is a great, good man, whom all love to honor. His first plan was, "I will learn how to say No!" and this he did to the temptation to chew and smoke. He put the money in his brains; and now people puff him, and he is a strong man, the slave of no vile habits. Ten years ago he had amassed enough to bequeath to each of his family a fortune. This he invested for them; and since then, although as unremitting as ever to business, -- often being found in front of his warehouses when his less industrious clerks come to open them for the day, -- he religiously gives in charity every dollar earned. He is not ashamed of work, and he says this is one great secret of his success: he does whatever his hands find to do with all his might. Be industrious, boys. Don't let your mothers earn your bread, -- you will be a disgrace to your country if you do. Take your hod upon your shoulder, if needs be, to support your mother. It will be noble and manly. But don't let her support you. The true nobility of our Southern gentlemen, never asserted itself more manifestly than in the way they have borne the reverses of this war, -- adapting themselves to their altered fortunes without whining or repining, and dignifying labor by the grace and intelligence they bring to its performance.

One of the bravest Generals of the war, after the surrender, chipped the brick of ruined Richmond at fifty cents a day. Do you think he disgraced himself by it? No! Not a bit more than you will disgrace yourself if you will give up hunting a place to sell garters, chignons, and corsets to ladies, and go to work like boys, at boys' work.

Another General put the gallant war-steed, he had ridden at the head of his division, into the plough, and laid by a crop for his widowed mother's family; and did not ride up in the fence-corners to hide when any one came in sight, as some of you would have done, either.

The South, calls upon her boys to take the place of those whose "leaf has perished in the green;" and you cannot do it, unless you go to work with brain, and muscle. Mind is power. But what display do we see of it? Compare the papers of our day, with those of the days of Calhoun, Hayne, McDuffie, Hugh S. Lagare, Langdon Cheves, Preston, and others. Then, the daily papers invited young men to attend debating clubs, orations, and speeches. Now, our boys have base-ball clubs, engine-suppers, evenings for the German, &c.; and a circus will take the last dollar out of their pockets, while they would scarcely deign to ask the subject of a lecture, no matter by whom delivered. Will you be equal to the times you are living in? Away up yonder is the niche waiting for your inscription. Will you struggle to reach it, and write your name there? Remember, it was the name your brave father bore; he left it to you without a stain upon it.

What are you going to do with it? Don't you trail it in the dust; on your peril, don't you do it. Climb up, and write it high, boys, and you will have to do it without any assistance, or levering up, either, for you are on the weak side, and

“This world, this great big world,
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.”

Life is a battle, and you know what contempt you feel for those who fought for their country, in the great struggle through which we have just passed, by proxy. So don't you imitate them. Ask no one to do for you what you can do for yourself. Remember,

“In battle or business — whatever the game —
In love, or in law, it is always the same:
In the struggle for power, or scramble for pelf,
He will only succeed who ‘relies on himself.’”

“Incompetency in power” has forever ruined this once glorious country. “The times were great, but the men were small.” If Calhoun, Webster, and Clay, had been alive, their wise counsels would have, as in other days, saved us. But

“Carolina mourned her steadfast ‘Pine,’
Which, like a mainmast, towered above her realm;
And Ashland hears no more the voice divine
From out the branches of her ‘stately Elm.’
And Marshfield’s giant Oak, whose stormy brow
Oft turned the ocean tempest from the West,
Lies on the shore he guarded well: and now
Our startled eagle had nowhere to rest.”

Never can I forget the scene in the United States Senate when John C. Calhoun's death was announced. It was Monday. Mr. Calhoun had died on Sunday. The Senate chamber was crowded. There was but one vacant seat—a senator's chair; but, oh, how vacant that was! The scene was awe-inspiring. All the compeers of the great, good man, who had vacated that chair, were there. Daniel Webster, clothed in deep mourning, his majestic features set like stone, and his marvellous eyes gazing steadily into space, sat in a direction opposite the "vacant chair," and looked away from it, as though not yet prepared to receive the sad tidings it revealed. I had never seen such a look of sadness upon that great, glorious face before. He seemed to be overcome by the sad event.

Seated immediately opposite to Mr. Webster was Kentucky's matchless son—pale, subdued, mournful. When the announcement was made, heart-beats were audible. The silence was so profound, it seemed like death's rehearsal. Not a word was uttered until Mr. Webster turned slowly, and looked at Mr. Clay, who, with eyes fixed upon the vacant chair, arose and commenced, after a moment's pause, in his own musical voice, to speak of his friend, as he had known him when, little more than a boy, he first stood in the House of Representatives at the age of thirty. Mr. Calhoun was Secretary of War. As Mr. Clay recalled the early scenes in the Congressional career of the great departed, his whole form swayed with emotion, and his pathetic, melting eloquence brought tears to every eye. His voice was

muffled and subdued, and he several times paused, overcome by his feelings.

In conclusion, he said, "Mr. Calhoun was my junior in years, but in nothing else;" then, turning and pointing with his long, eloquent forefinger to "the vacant chair," he asked, in deepest tone, that terrible question—"When shall that great vacancy be filled?"

That question is still unanswered; it has come sounding down the ages, and echo is still asking it of you, boys of the South: "When? When? When?"

Can you think without a blush, who are now assuming to occupy the seats of Calhoun, Hayne, Yancey, Stephens, Davis, Tombs, Hill, and the other great men who in the past made the South so illustrious?

These great men were all boys once, as you are now, and in their boyhood laid the foundation of their greatness by hard study. "Mind is power." Impudence and ignorance will be obliged to yield to integrity and learning. What are you doing to prepare yourselves to fill the places they have left vacant? Are you whining because your property has all been taken from you? If you have your health and your minds, thank God, and make your fortunes yourselves. Go to work, and "don't stand shivering for last year's snow." Don't go back upon the record your fathers have left. They worked for the positions they obtained, and if you expect to take their places, you will have to work too, for no one ever heard of a great statesman being made out of a handbox-boy, whose greatest ambition

was to smell sweet, wear modified pink neckties, and moonlight-on-the-lake kids, and stand behind the counter to sell chignons, or measure ladies' busts to fit them with French corsets. Imagine, if you can, John C. Calhoun in such a situation; and yet, to fill such places is the height of the ambition of many, (yes, too many) of our boys, who take the places of their sisters, but are insulted at being called "a Miss Nancy," the name to which their class is legitimately entitled. Wake up, boys, to a sense of your own dignity, and be men — high-toned, energetic working men — a blessing to the community and the world which sadly needs strong men.





CHAPTER XV.

THE MOVE TO CHARLESTON.

AFTER the evacuation of Charleston, Mrs. St. Clair and her family moved down and hired a room in the city. They had no furniture, not even a bed. It was a pitiful sight to see their utter destitution. At night the two little children lay on a shawl, with their heads on their mother's lap.

Fitz went out to hunt work. Mrs. Gassy, whose husband was now "truly loyal," and in consequence had obtained a situation under the United States Government, allowed him to throw in a load of coal, and paid him half price for it. The money thus obtained bought them a candle and some bread and cheese, for which they were deeply grateful.

On the third day after their arrival in the city, as Fitz was cleaning some brick, for which he was to be paid seventy cents, he looked up, and to his surprise saw standing right in front of him, too much amazed to speak, his father's old coachman, Uncle Jack.

"What you doing, Mass Fitz?" he asked, at

length, at the same time taking the trowel from the hand of Fitz, and saying: "What sort of hands is them to be doing such dirty work as this? Who put you at it, and where's your ma?"

"I am cleaning brick, Uncle Jack, to earn money to buy bread for my mother and the children. They never have a mouthful to eat unless I earn it, and I have to spend so much time hunting up work that I lose time; if I could only find steady employment, I could do better."

"I think you 'could do better' than to chop brick, Mass Fitz. You got to stop it; it's no sort of work for you, and I don't believe Mistress knows a breath of it. Come, stop now, and carry me to see Mistress and the children."

"I can't until one, Uncle Jack; I made a contract, and I must stick to it, you know."

"Yes, you're just like your pa. I'll go and fetch your Maumer, and we will be back by one, your 'knocking-off time,' as you call it," he said, casting a most contemptuous look at the man, who had dared to hire his master's son.

Long before one, Fitz saw Uncle Jack coming, but Maumer was far ahead of him. The "old man" could n't keep up after she got a sight of her child. She threw her arms around Fitz, kissed him, hugged him, cried, laughed, and wiped his jacket off with her clean white apron, as though she was in the nursery at Glendaire, and he was still a nursling. They went to Mrs. St. Clair's unfurnished room, and old Maumer

just threw herself down on the floor and cried out, when Harry and Clara told her they had "no bed, and no chair to sit on, only a box." For more than an hour the faithful old creatures acted as if they were wild, but at length became composed enough to tell what had transpired at Glendaire since the family left. The information filled their hearts with sadness. "The white folks what came there from the Norard had the first pickings," Jack said. "They took the silver, the picters, the bustses, the books, the pianny, orgin, carpits, all the finest flowers, and everything else they wanted. Then some ladies, what came there to teach school, took some of the beds, and bedding, and chaney, and glass, and table-cloths, and sich things. The soldiers took the blankets; then, after they had most scuttled the house, they let that impident nigger Cudjoe move in with all his tribe. Last winter, a dozen more families moved in. Cudjoe got drunk, and as he was going through the house with a lighted torch, he sot fire to the curtains in the library, and the whole of that side of the house was burnt up, and the rest part wellnigh ruined, for the roof was burnt off, and every time it rains as much water falls inside the house as outside."

Cudjoe had full possession, and Uncle Jack thought if Fitz would go down with him, they might get enough furniture for Mrs. St. Clair's room at least. So Fitz concluded to go on the following day with Uncle Jack.

Aunt Clarissa "came to stay with Mistress while



A FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT TAKING HIS CROP TO MARKET. — *Page 134.*

they were away," and made the children quite happy by the presents she brought. For Harry and Clara she brought a bench apiece, also two nice mugs with compliments upon themselves, which were worth as much to the children as the cups were. Harry's was "for a good little boy," Clara's "for a good little girl." For Mistress and Miss Rena she had "rattle chany cups, saucers, and plates, besides a rocking-chair for Mistress, and an accordeon for Fitz, which she thought would help mightily to cheer them up if he would play on it every night." Rena smiled as she thought of the ludicrous picture Fitz would present sitting on the floor playing the accordeon; but the smile soon vanished when she remembered how worn out and fatigued the poor boy always came home now at night. She did not let on, however, that the gift was other than the most appropriate his faithful old nurse could have brought him.

The visit to the plantation was a fruitless one. When they approached the house, Cudjoe (Washington, as he now called himself) walked out on the colonnade, and pretended not to recognize his master's son.

He was a coal-black, thick-lipped African, and had been bought in New Orleans by General St. Clair as a blacksmith for the plantation, just before the war.

The negroes all despised him, for he had not been raised with them, and they knew New Orleans was the Botany Bay for criminal slaves. To be "shipped to New Orleans" was the punishment threatened for

all crimes in the slave States, therefore, the introduction of this doubtful character among the servants at Glendaire, whose grandfathers had worked where they, the grandchildren, were now working, was by no means approved. None of the servants would associate with him, or show him the slightest favor. General St. Clair sent to Virginia, and purchased his wife after buying him, and settled them very comfortably in a cabin of their own. He was a suspicious character, and had neither the confidence of his fellow-servants nor that of his owner, and the fact is, the gallows had been cheated of its due when the vile fellow was shipped from Virginia, instead of being hung, as he deserved, for committing one of the most diabolical crimes in the whole dark catalogue of sin. The General did not know it, however. New and improved machinery introduced upon his plantation required that he should have a superior blacksmith, so he sent an agent to make the purchase for him, and this unprincipled vulcan was introduced at Glendaire.

When he saw Fitz, he asked him what he was "poaching on his premises for"? and ordered him to "leave instantly," or he would put a bullet through him.

Uncle Jack had made Fitz promise to let him "do the argifying, cause Cudjoe was no gentleman, and did not know how to talk to a gentleman;" therefore, he informed the Hon. Mr. Washington what was the object of their visit, and told him of Mrs. St. Clair's extreme need.

Cudjoe would not hear him out, but flew into a terrible rage; said "he rejoiced to hear of everybody who had white blood in their veins suffering, for he would as soon kill a white person as he would a suck-egg dog;" said the white man's day was over, and the black man would govern this country in future. He called Uncle Jack a traitor for talking about "white people having rights;" they had no right to anything, except having their throats cut, and he would proceed to give that white-faced scoundrel (pointing at Fitz) his rights if he did not walk off from *his* plantation in double-quick time.

The loud talking had brought out a crowd of negroes. Most of them were strangers to Fitz, for the old estate servants had too much principle to remain under the control of Cudjoe, and had sought homes elsewhere; so he was allowed undisturbed sway.

Fitz told Uncle Jack there was "no use in multiplying words, and he preferred to go."

"Jis so, Mass Fitz; Cudjoe is a mean, onprincipled nigger, and al'ays was. The Yankees, and no-count niggers has made a Senator out of him; but the whitewash ain't thick enough, the nigger shows through, and any respectable colored pussun would be ashamed to associate with him."

Before they left for home, they appealed to a man with a white skin, who seemed to be in command on the island, and asked his assistance in getting a few household articles for the use of the family. But the gallant official refused to interfere, and coolly told

Fitz "he had come South to get money and position. Color was nothing to him; the man that had the vote and would give it to him was his man, therefore he should not disturb the Hon. Mr. Washington in the possession of any of his rights and immunities, but would have him (Fitz) arrested instantly if he did not leave the island."

This visit of Fitz to his dear old home was indeed a sad one. He found the groves of lemon, orange, and olives all cut level with the ground. The thriftless usurpers had used the trees for firewood, to save the trouble of walking a few hundred yards further and getting proper fuel. The majestic live-oaks had fallen by the same vandal hands. The residence was more than three-fourths consumed by fire; and to crown it all, the family vault had been opened, the heavy iron door torn down; the bones of his ancestors and pieces of their coffins were lying around, and the ghouls had turned the sacred repository of the dead into a dog-kennel. The scene was so revolting to the sensitive nature of Fitz, that he stood aghast, and Uncle Jack had to seat him on a rock near by until he could recover from the terrible shock to his feelings.

Mrs. St. Clair's family were in the greatest destitution. Rena was in dreadful health, and would faint away from pure exhaustion two or three times a day. Fitz worked manfully night and day, doing anything honorable that presented itself, no matter how hard or menial the labor.

Mrs. St. Clair had been urging him, ever since they came to the city, to go and see Mr. Gassy, and tell him of their sad condition. "She felt assured he would esteem it not only a duty, but a privilege, to make good his promise to her in some way." The very soul of Fitz revolted at the thought of asking a favor of this Vicar of Bray, but went, under protest, at his mother's express command.

He found the gentleman in his office, conversing with some Federal officers, and was thus accosted by him: "Well, St. Clair, have you come begging, too?" Then, turning to his epauletted acquaintance, he said: "Here is the son of a hair-brained fool, who threw away his life fighting to free his niggers, and make slaves and beggars of his children. You need not come begging here, Fitz; I told your father how his treason would end, but my expostulations and warnings availed nothing. Gentlemen, I have told you that for my allegiance to the flag of our glorious Union my life during the war was threatened again and again. Well, this poor beggar's father was my chief persecutor, and now see how wonderfully my Heavenly Father has manifested His approval of my poor services;" and here his feelings so entirely overcame him, that he broke down, and had to put his handkerchief up to his face,

"To hide the floods of tears
he did not shed."

"Never mind, my brave, noble friend," said the

deluded officer, "the times that tried your soul are past, and now you can ride over the necks of your tormentors. The government to which you proved so faithful will reward you a hundred-fold —"

"Don't talk of reward, my dear sir; am I not more than rewarded for all my suffering and tears in the proud joy I feel at having the dear flag which —" and here he broke down again and tried to cry some more — "which I wore folded on my heart all through the dreadful war. I say, am I not rewarded in seeing it floating proudly in the breezes of my own Carolina? Oh — oh — oh;" and, sobbing, "I only want a lucrative office, so as to flaunt it in the face of the Secessionists and say: See how my Government rewards her truly loyal sons. The feeling is not right, I know, but I glory in any opportunity that displays our triumph. I wish you would give me two or three offices; I want to spend every moment of my time in the service of the government for which I have endured so much. I love to work under this precious emblem; I feel dignified by it;" and he took the little three-cent flag from his button-hole and squeezed it until he came nearly turning himself wrong side out with emotion.

"But what are you waiting for?" said he, turning to Fitz; "I tell you, sir, if your traitor father —" Fitz jumped at him, caught him by the collar, and, fairly purple with rage, said, "You arch hypocrite; don't you take my father's name in your vile lips again. You have swindled his family out of every

dollar he left them, and if I ever hear you mention his name again, boy as I am, I will choke you to death." The grasp he held was very suggestive of what he might accomplish in that line, and, as it was very desirable no denouement should be made in presence of the officers, Mr. Gassy, with the long-suffering look of one accustomed to endure, removed Fitz's hand, saying quietly, "I could not afford to fight with a boy, you know. Fitz, you had better challenge Gassy junior." "Yes," replied Fitz, "and if he is as grand a coward as his father, I might take it out in challenging. Lying and stealing are the only accomplishments of the Gassy family;" and he walked away, vexed with himself for going, and vexed with his mother for sending him.

"I like that fellow's grit," said the officers to each other; "he is as brave as Julius Cæsar."

"Been raised a bully," said Gassy; "all the Southern gentry are bullies."

"You did not belong to the gentry, then?" said Major S., with a knowing wink at his companions; "I thought I understood you that you did."

"Not the slave-driving gentry, sir; I was always an Abolitionist."

"And I never was," said the Major, coolly, to Gassy's infinite surprise. "I fought for the Union, and not for the abolition of slavery. I knew when slavery ceased to be profitable at the North, we abolished it, and I expected the South would do so too at the proper time. I was opposed to emancipation before the negroes were prepared for it; and as to

universal suffrage, I think it is a suggestion of the devil to destroy this government. Ignorance in high places will work our ruin. "Good day, sir;" and he walked off with his opinion of his "brave and noble friend" considerably lowered.

Finding it impossible to get along in Charleston, Fitz resolved to go to New York. He had heard it was quite easy to obtain employment there, and he made up his mind to go and work there, until things were settled here. The needle-work of Mrs. St. Clair and Rena brought in just what kept soul and body together, but the united labor of the three, did not yield enough to warrant any investment in the way of furniture, and they stood sorely in need of beds, chairs, tables, and cooking-utensils. They did not even have a change of clothing, and the poor, tired mother sometimes washed and ironed all night that the clothing her sleeping little ones had just taken off might be put on them in the morning clean.

Mrs. St. Clair insisted it was better to get on even so, and do without everything, rather than have Fitz leave them. Fitz knew it was not "better." Thoughts of a separation from his family were as painful to him as it was to them, but he saw no alternative. He could not let them starve. "I do not fear for myself; I have made up my mind to endure everything, dear mother, only let me feel that you are happy."

"Happy!" she repeated, abstractedly, as though the word was new to her. "Happy! Oh, yes, we used to be happy. Why is it all so changed? I am tired of the struggle;" and she wept long and bitterly.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE TRIP NORTH.

AFTER Fitz decided to go North, he set himself to work trying to obtain the means to put his plan into execution. He had no money, and had never yet asked help, so he resolved to work his passage on the steamship *Adger*, if the Captain would employ him.

In reply to his application, he was informed "a boy was wanted, but one able to do drudgery; the place would not suit you at all," said Capt. L——, looking at the graceful, handsome boy before him.

"Then I will try and suit the place," said Fitz, "if you will allow me the opportunity of doing so. I must get to New York, and there is no other way for me to accomplish it, but to work my passage."

"Come, then, in the morning, and make a beginning by cleaning the brass on the steps. We sail to-morrow, and there is a good deal to be done."

"Thank you; you may depend on me, sir." Fitz left the boat, and encountered Uncle Jack on the wharf.

“Where are you going, Uncle Jack?”

“Going? `Why, I am going on board that boat. Your Maumer told me you was going to the North, and I came to see if you had choosed a comfortable state-room —”

“Comfortable state-room! Why, Uncle Jack, what are you talking about? Where do you suppose I could muster money enough to pay for a state-room? I have been down hiring myself as a cabin-boy, and intend working my passage on North;” then, turning round, he pointed to the steps of the steamer, and said: “Do you see that brass, Uncle Jack? Well, I must have it shining like silver to-morrow before ten o’clock.”

“Who got to shine it; not you, Mass Fitz?”

“Yes, me, Mass Fitz; and you just come down and see how beautifully I will do it. You know I have seen you shine the carriage- and harness-brass often.”

“I s’pose you has, but that’s no reason you should do it. You wa’n’t made for any sich, and I don’t like this upside-down way of doing things. Everything’s got wrong-end foremost, inside out, and hind part before, seems to me, and there’s no telling which from t’other. As to all this hue and cry about ‘bottom rail being top rail,’ who dunno, no fence made after dat pattern will be strong enough to keep animals out of de corn?”

“Well, Uncle Jack, we can’t help it. You know you used to tell me, when my kites flew away, that ‘there was no use crying after spilled milk,’ so don’t

let us fret about the turn affairs have taken, but try and do the best we can under the circumstances. I want Maumer and yourself to take care of the family when I am gone."

"We are bound to do it, Mass Fitz, but I have never cease done abusing myself, for not standing up for the rights of the family at the plantation. I jis gived up like a coward, and let everything go to the dogs, and now you all is a sufferin' for it, and it's nobody's fault but mine, for your Maumer did everything in the world she could, to put some sperrit in me; but, you sec, I thought the war would soon be over, and Master, I knew, could teach Mister Cudjoe Washington his place in ten minutes, so I let things go, and they went, sure enough."

"Never mind, Uncle Jack, you meant right, I am sure, and I am glad you did not get yourself killed, which you would have, in all probability, done, if you had attempted to dispute possession of the house with Cudjoe; so it's all for the best, I reckon, at least we will try and think so."

The next morning when Fitz went on board the steamer, he found Uncle Jack had been there scouring and cleaning for hours. His work was all beautifully done, and the old fellow was in the Captain's room, talking in a way that made Fitz feel exceedingly embarrassed. He was saying when Fitz went in: "You see, Captain, Mass Fitz ain't none of your poor white trash; he is a gentleman, sir, and the son of a gentleman, and I don't want you to put him to waiting on

any poor buckras. Let him stay in here with you, for his father teached him all about thernometers, and barnometers; he could tell when it was gwine to rain ever since he was as high as that table;" then, putting on the most consequential look, he said: "We are used to all them sort of things. We had a splendid telegram on top of the house that we used to look through at the moon, and at comets, every night in the year. It was almost entirely brass, and Master would never let anybody clean it but me, so in that way I got into the diameter of the thing, as well as the rest of them. I tell you, Capting, we was none of your common folk. And yet, what you think, Mass Fitz," he said, turning to Fitz, "one of them school-marms, what came to our plantation after you all left, asked me (Jack St. Clair, coachman of General St. Clair) if I knowed who made me? My Lord! I felt rale sorry for the poor ignorant cretur, that she had n't any better sense than not to know we had been hearing preaching once a week ever since we was made. She got rale hopping mad with me, 'cause I knowed, and would not give me a single article out of her 'bureau,' as she called the place where she kept provisions. I thought 'store-house' would have been a more properer name for a place they kept bacon in, but them Yankees is the most comicalest white folk ever I seed; I lived among 'em three years, and I never did git to rale understand them; as to them school-mistresses, they put it in our old women's heads they was 'titled to vote, and they went, fool-like, and did it,

and some of them got locked up for it in the jail. Them of us what would n't let in to them, had no kind of a showing; but Toney, he pretended to be a rale know-nothing, and 'clar'd he never had heard nothing about nothing, till them females came from New England to tell him 'bout it. So they fotched him up whenever visitors came, to tell his e'spereance. It was wonderful to hear how slick he would rattle out the lies. The visitors would all'ays give him something, then he would come out and split his sides laughing, and say 'the old gals wor a sight bigger fools than he war.'"

Fitz, at first, felt exceedingly annoyed at Uncle Jack's loquacity; but the captain's attempts to draw him out, and the hearty laugh with which every story was received, assured him the old man had an interested, and greatly amused listener.

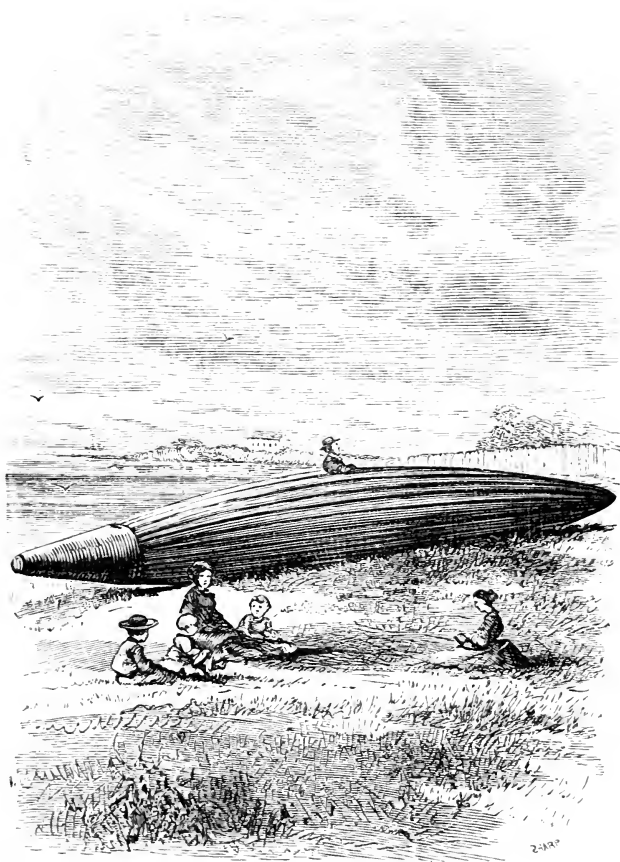
"All on board!" The last bell rang. "Good-bye, Mass Fitz, — the Lord in heaven bless my dead master's child!" and the faithful old servant boo-hooed right out. "Take care of him, Captin', for his father died a-taking care of you," and old Uncle Jack left the boat with his bandana up to his eyes, and sobbing as if his heart would break. Fitz stood looking after him as long as he was in sight; then he could control his feelings no longer, and, as he leaned over the rail, his tears fell into the water, — to wipe them away would attract the attention he wished to avoid. He had never felt so lonely and desolate in all his life, going out into the wide world with only five dollars —

in his pocket. As the whole-souled captain looked at the weeping soldier's boy, about to be exiled from home and friends, his twinkling black eyes grew moist, and he blew his nose vehemently, to account for using his handkerchief. There is sentiment and poetry in everything pertaining to the sea, and if it were not so indigestible to me, I would yield it my unqualified allegiance.

"This harbor is like our Confederacy," said the captain, addressing Fitz, — "it is filled with wrecks. I never come in sight of our battle-scarred city, that I do not feel sad.

"Poor old historic Charleston, sitting in ruins on the bosom of the bay! how many lives were sacrificed in her defence. Poor in everything else, she is rich in glorious memories, and has a record of which we need never be ashamed.

"The grandest heroism displayed during the war was right here in this harbor, by those heroic men who went in the torpedo-boat to sink the *Housatonic*. Taking their lives in their hands, they went to meet death for their country. Their valor was superhuman, and stands forth deified. The 'marching to death' of the eight hundred British soldiers, on board the transport-ship, pales before this, for those brave men only anticipated death a few moments, — they knew it was inevitable, and there was no escaping their destiny; but our men went from the security of home, and with the prospect of long lives and bright futures, and deliberately offered themselves a sacrifice on the altar of their country."



THE TORPEDO BOAT. — *Page 148.*



"Boy! boy!" shouted a voice from the gangway.

Fitz had forgotten until now that he was "boy," but he responded to the summons immediately.

"Stop!" said the captain, — "let me see what is wanting," and he walked forward, and held a short conversation, in an under-tone, with the steward; and then returned to Fitz.

"I told you," said the purser, "that Captain Tom had too much soul to make a cabin-boy of General St. Clair's son."

"I would have no respect for him, if he did," responded the steward. Sailors, hearts are always as large as the ocean upon which they live, and their charity as free as the air they breathe.

"Captain, I am waiting orders," said Fitz.

"All right. We will take dinner first, and then I will give you some writing to do; for I think I can make you more serviceable with your pen than as — as —"

"Boy," said Fitz, supplying, with a smile, the word which Captain L. could not bring his tongue to utter, in connection with the gentlemanly lad who had so completely captivated him. "Thank you, Captain, I am willing to do anything to compensate you for my passage." He knew he wrote a clear, legible hand, and was a good mathematician, so he felt confident he could give satisfaction. Again, after dinner, he reminded the captain that he was idle.

"You forget that Uncle Jack did two days' work for you, Fitz. To-morrow your new duties will commence."

The second morning out, Fitz was roused by the incessant shriek of the steam-whistle, and upon going on deck found they were in the midst of a fog. The steamer was groping its way, the denseness of the atmosphere rendering it impossible to see any distance ahead, and there was imminent danger of getting on shoals. The captain was consulting his charts, and the sailors, who were sounding, called out the depth of water every few minutes.

"How much like this vessel I am," soliloquized Fitz. "I cannot see one inch farther over the sea of life upon which I am sailing. My future is quite as clouded; I will take a lesson from the captain, consult my chart, and take soundings frequently, lest I run ashore and be lost."

He wished he was as wise as the captain. Then he remembered the storm on the sea of Galilee, when Christ was in the vessel, and his heart was made happy by the thought that he could always have Christ with him, and hear His heavenly voice saying to the turbulent billows of life, "Peace, be still."

He wrote, in the captain's room, a few hours every day, and his work gave the greatest satisfaction.

On the third morning they entered New York Bay. It was a bright, cold, bracing morning. The panorama Fitz now gazed on for the first time was beautiful and full of interest. The passengers were all on deck. The captain told him the names of the different places as they presented themselves. "We are now," said he, "between Staten and Long Island; there is

Fort Richmond ; there, on the Long Island shore, is Fort Hamilton. That old red, round fort is Lafayette, where I spent a few weeks rustiating during the war ; in the distance you can see Coney Island, Bedloe's, Governor's, Fort Columbus ; and now here comes the Empire City. That is Trinity spire looming up, and there is the dome of the City Hall." A playful little craft, with spars erect, dashing the waves from her prow and flying before the wind, danced past them. Here were lofty clippers, merchantmen, ships, schooners, barks, yachts, and small craft of every description, and the wharves were full of busy life. Ferry-boats, cutting glittering furrows in the dark water, glided between the larger vessels, and went to and from the wharves every ten minutes. The harsh creaking of the crank used in loading and discharging cargoes added to the noise and bustle, which was bewildering.

"There is a great deal of business done here," said Fitz to an old Dutchman, who was standing by him.

"Peesness!" he repeated, contemptuously. "I likesh to know vat you call peesness ; day sheets one anudder from morning till night, and tat ish vat you calls peesness, I sphose."

"You don't see things rushed on in this style in your slow country," said a sleek-looking individual, who wore a shiny beaver, and paper terminations to his shirt. "Even the rivers deown in your parts are too lazy to work, and go dancing along, neither moving machinery, nor turning a mill. Real aristocracy, like your people."

"How do you know anything about the ways of our real aristocracy," said Fitz.

"Me know? Why, I have been down there on a visit to my son, your member of Congress, Hon. Snooks Mushroom; of course you know him?"

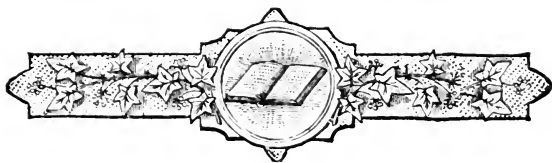
"I am happy to say I do not," said Fitz, indifferently.

"Happy you do not! Why, he visits the first people in the State, black and white, and has made fifty thousand dollars clear in less than two years. Beat that if you can, young man."

"I don't wish to, sir," said Fitz, walking away from him.

They had stopped at the wharf, and after getting out his valise, Fitz went to say good-bye to the Captain, but found, to his great regret, that he had gone on shore. He wrote a note, thanking him for his kindness, and left it upon his desk, then went up to the hotel.





CHAPTER XVII.

HUNTING A SITUATION.

AND now he was indeed alone. In all that seething city he knew no human being. After depositing his valise, he sallied out in search of employment. On the hotel steps he was accosted by a very nice-looking young man about his own age, who asked him if he was not from the South.

Fitz, of course, said he was. The young man seemed delighted to hear it, and claimed to be a Southerner himself, who had been fortunate in getting into business, and he assured Fitz, "if he would only keep his eyes skinned," (a feat which Fitz looked as if he did not exactly comprehend the *modus operandi* of performing,) he would soon put him in the way of making money like dirt. "But come," said he, "and let us drink to this new friendship," at the same time leading the way into an elegant building right in front of them.

"No, thank you," said Fitz; "I have only five dollars in the world, and have come here to try and

earn a living for my widowed mother and my little brothers and sisters."

"Well, come in, and I'll stand treat this time," said the young man. "This is the 'Board of Trade Rooms,' a magnificent building, you see, and a great blessing to the city, for hundreds, who would on no condition go into a common bar-room, come here with impunity and drink; even members of the church frequent this place."

"Excuse me," said Fitz; "I never go into a drinking-saloon, no matter how disguised, or by what name called. My father used to say that 'making drinking respectable was the best card the devil had played in years.' Rooms like these are 'traps of satan' to beguile unsuspecting youth, as sure as you are born, and this union of trade and 'liquid damnation' must have caused a shout in the regions of the lost. But for my life I cannot understand what comfort it will be to a father when he looks into the coffin, upon the bloated, loathsome face of his dead son, to know that he became a drunkard in 'mercantile rooms,' the very rooms in which his vote had introduced the liquor that had damned eternally the soul of the once noble boy who called him father. I believe in the judgment, thousands of young men will charge their eternal undoing to the merchants, many of them members of the church, too, who hoodwinked them into thinking that there was no harm in drinking, if you only did so in a so-called respectable place."

"Well, Confed, I did not ask for a sermon; I wanted a drink."

“Which, God forbid, I should give you, or any one else; and let me beg you to quit your present employment, and stop making drunkards. I would rather wear this threadbare suit, the rest of my life, than peril one immortal soul. Believe me, remorse is worse than poverty.”

“St. Clair, you are a good fellow, and I have a mind to tell you my experience, for I, too, had a good father, whom I lost when a child. By his dying request, the clergyman of the church to which he belonged became my guardian; upon his table I saw liquor daily, so I lost the horror my father had instilled in me for it. My reverend guardian drank it every day (only one bottle of ale, though), and ‘it did him no harm,’ so, in my childish reasoning, I concluded it was harmless. When I came here to hunt a situation, the keeper of the bar in this building offered me the position of drummer on commission. I get so much a customer —”

“Excuse me,” interrupted Fitz, “you mean *victim*. So much a soul; my God, what a terrible traffic you are engaged in!”

“Come, now, you put it too strong, old fellow.”

“Too strong! The Bible says, ‘He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death.’ What does he do, who leads a soul to death — spiritual, eternal death? O stop it; it is only work for devils, and I beseech you to give it up. Good morning.”

“Rock No. 1,” said Fitz. “Thank God for my

precious father's instruction and example; but for these, I would have been no stronger than that poor, unfortunate youth. But how must I manage? I do not know one street from another, and mother warned me about making acquaintances. Here comes a clergyman; I know by the dress. I will apply to him for advice."

Fitz found him very bland, and seemingly much interested in his case. He invited him to accompany him to his office, which, he said, was near by, and, as it was a quiet place, they could talk undisturbed. Fitz accompanied him, through by-ways and side-streets, quite a distance, then he stopped in front of a green-baize door, which the gentleman opened and invited Fitz to enter. He did so, but on looking round could not forbear saying: "Did I understand you to say that you were a clergyman, sir?"

"Certainly."

Fitz thought the apartment furnished very singularly for a clergyman's study. There were roulette tables, and cards, and dice scattered around on smaller tables.

His look of utter surprise being noticed by his chance acquaintance, he said: "This is a quiet resort for Christian people who want a little innocent recreation, and don't care to have their good evil spoken of."

"I did not know Christians gambled," said Fitz.

"It is not exactly gambling, my young friend; there are no fortunes wrecked here, nor anything of that sort. We take an innocent game of Seven-up, California Jack, or some other simple game, and bet a

V to give it zest. I don't care if we take a game now, for I feel decidedly Mondayish, as we parsons phrase it;" and, snatching up a pack of cards, he shuffled them with such dexterity, Fitz knew he was an expert.

"I never play," said Fitz, refusing to cut, "and do not know one card from another."

"Well, sit down, and I'll teach you in five minutes."

"No, thank you; I left my home for a very different purpose than to learn to be a gambler. Good morning."

"No you don't, though, my innocent friend; whether you play or not, you pay one dollar's admission, so you might as well get your money's worth. Come, we will take a game without betting. I really want to teach you; it is such a harmless way to spend an evening. Come, this is —"

"I do not wish to know what it is, sir. This five-dollar bill — taking it from his pocket — is the only money I have in the world; take your pay out of it, if you please, and let me go."

As he handed the change, Fitz said: "I shall enter it in my expense-book as so much paid for experience."

"Well, you can take my word; it is the smallest amount ever paid for experience in this shop."

"I have no reason to doubt it," said Fitz, and he bowed himself politely out.

"Rock No. 2," he exclaimed, as he reached the street. "I only avoided Scylla to split on Charybdis.

There are so many shoals, how will I be able to steer clear of them all?" It was nearly dark; he had eaten nothing since he left the steamer, accomplished nothing in his search for employment, was sick and dispirited; so he went to the hotel, ordered a cup of coffee and a slice of bread, paid the amount his check called for (thirty cents), and went into the reading-room to look over the Southern papers. As he stood reading, a poor, miserable, half-starved child came up and begged him for "a penny to buy some bread." He handed her ten cents, and was going to his room, when accosted by a man who sat near the door smoking a bad cigar.

"You are a stranger in this big village, I guess?"

"Yes, sir; I only arrived to-day."

"You want to see the elephant, of course?"

"No, sir; I came here to try and earn an honest living, if it is possible," he said, with a sigh; for, by this time, he had begun to doubt if such a thing were possible.

"But you are going to see the sights before you settle down, ain't you? Suppose you stand treat into the circus; there's a wonderful show there to-night; some of the most beautiful equestriennes you ever set your eyes on; one angelic creature with golden hair, and only sixteen. You treat me in, and after the show I will introduce you to all the girls; that's fair, ain't it?"

"Certainly; but I do not wish to make any such acquaintances; I never go to the circus."

"Never go to the circus? What's the matter with the circus, I would like to know?"

"Excuse me, sir; I am only a boy, and it would be very presumptuous in me to enter into an argument with a man of your age. My father taught me there was a moral taint in the atmosphere of a circus, that would infect a pure character."

"Do you mean, you puppy you, to say I am an impure character?" at the same time jumping up, and raising his chair over Fitz's head, as though he meant to strike him down.

Fitz looked him right in the eye, and said: "You are a stranger to me, sir, and I know nothing of your character, good or bad; therefore I shall not go with you to the circus, or anywhere else."

"Then go to the devil," the bully replied.

"Not if I can help it," said Fitz, earnestly.

"Why did you not come right out, and tell him that was where you wanted him to go at first," said a dignified, elegant-looking gentleman, who had been reading in their immediate vicinity, and was obliged necessarily to hear all that transpired. Turning to Fitz, he said: "You have been singularly fortunate in your training, young man, and it is well for you that you learned how to say no, before you came to this Sodom."

"You had better mind your own business, gold spectacles; it ain't any of your funeral, and I would advise you to dry-up," said the circus-champion, walking away.

The next morning, when Fitz offered one of the bills the gambler had given him in payment for his breakfast, the clerk told him it was "counterfeit." He then handed another. "Counterfeit, too, sir;" and this time, both the tone and the look he gave, convinced Fitz that he regarded him as a suspicious character. The position was a novel one, and exceedingly awkward. He handed his last bill with a great deal of hesitancy. It was good; the clerk took it; but the disagreeable, spiteful fellow could not forbear saying: "Look here, Confed, you seem to be doing a driving business in bogus money, and you'll find yourself locked up if you don't mind."

"I got it in your city," said Fitz.

"Let me see those bills, young man," said a rich, deep voice; and Fitz looked up, to meet a kind look from the elegant stranger who had befriended him the night before. Fitz handed the bills to him; he looked at them and said, "Yes, they are counterfeit."

"And a very clumsy counterfeit, too," said Magit, the clerk.

"Yes, he would n't have dared to pass them off on you, or I, or any other rogue," said Mr. W., smiling; "he evidently knew his customer."

This remark, although apparently made in fun, was understood by Magit as a reproof, and he tossed the sheet of paper, called for by Mr. W., to him and turned away.

"Do you know from whom you obtained these bills?" asked the gentleman, turning to Fitz.

"Yes, sir," said Fitz.

"Then come with me, and we will get your money back."

He held in his hand the note he had written; slipping it into an envelope, he beckoned the policeman in front of the hotel to him, and, handing him the note and his card, said: "Go with this young man, and see that he gets his money."

As they walked away, the circus-champion, who had heard the whole transaction, walked after Fitz, and said, "You are a counterfeiter, eh? I thought as much. You terrible good people always have some weak point. You were poisonous pious last night.

'Your brown side was up, but I knew that, when tried,
We would find, like all flounders, you were white on one side.'

Fitz made no reply. The gambler without a demur exchanged the bills as soon as he read the order, and expressed a great deal of sorrow "that the mistake should have occurred," and hoped it "would not interrupt their friendship."

Fitz, only too glad to get his money, made no reply; but left, and again went in search of employment, with no better success than the previous day, and he returned to the hotel at night hungry, foot-sore, sad, and discouraged. He prayed earnestly to God for help, and fell asleep, resolved to trust his heavenly Father, no matter how deep the discouragement.

In the morning he awoke refreshed by quiet sleep and pleasant dreams; his heart was filled with grati-

tude, for he remembered who it was who "giveth His beloved sleep." He could only think the evening before of his deep distress; but this night's rest had refreshed him, and the bright morning sun dispelled the gloom that had settled upon his spirits, and enabled him now to see that his cup had been a mingled one, and not all bitter. He remembered the stranger-friend who had come so unexpectedly to his assistance, and was sorry that he had ever distrusted the kind Providence which had so wondrously interposed in his behalf. He resolved in future, no matter what the temptation,

"To lie passive in God's hands,
And know no will but His."

In this pleasant frame of mind, he went down-stairs, feeling, if not cheerful, at least hopeful. He had only money enough left to pay for the lodging he had already enjoyed, so he did not go into breakfast. After paying what he owed, he asked the clerk if "there was any position in the hotel he could get to earn his board until he could find employment?"

Magit looked contemptuously at him, and said, "I can put you in the way of making a living, if you will follow my advice."

"What would you advise?" asked Fitz.

"Why, that you exhibit that Secesh suit of yours; and I'll indorse that it was an heirloom from Father Noah to one of the F. F.'s of South Carolina."

"Will you?" said Fitz, — a blow, which knocked the mummy-looking fellow from his seat, accompanying

his question. In a moment he regretted being betrayed into such an outburst, but the manner, and the tone of the fellow, more than his words, had been so insulting, that he lost control of himself entirely until the mischief was done.

Walking up to Magit, who was wiping his bloody nose, he said, "I am sorry, sir, I struck you, and ask your pardon. I asked you a civil question, and you exasperated me by your uncivil answer; but I am sorry that I let my temper get beyond my control."

"Don't apologize to me, you scoundrel! pay up your bill, and leave this hotel in five minutes, or I will kick you out of it."

"No you won't," said Fitz, looking him right in the eye. "You are too great a coward to fight me. You can use your position to insult me, but you know better than to touch me." Going into the office, he walked up to the proprietor, and without any circumlocution told him his necessities, and asked for employment, "if only enough to earn his board."

The proprietor was a kind-hearted, gentlemanly man, and Fitz's straightforward, candid manner pleased him. He told him "he regretted there was but one vacancy, and that position was not worthy of him, as it was only to check cloaks, umbrellas, satchels, etc., in the umbrella-room. The duties are confining, but not arduous, and the salary is a mere trifle; but you can have it, until you can do better. Five dollars a week and board is better than nothing."

Fitz was overjoyed; happier than he had felt since

he left home, and begged to be allowed to enter at once upon his duties. In the same office with him was a highly educated young German, the son of a German professor. Fitz had studied German, and could read it tolerably well, but had never enjoyed the privilege of hearing it spoken by a native. His Teutonic friend was only too well pleased to agree that "German should be the language used in their intercourse." They read together Goethe, Schlegel, and Richter; and Fitz found that, with a few months' constant practice, he could converse with ease — almost with fluency. He had also enjoyed another advantage in being privileged to take a thorough course of book-keeping, from one of the best professors in America, who also taught him short-hand. To pay for the instruction received in these branches, he assisted the professor in writing up the books of merchants, which exercise in itself was of incalculable service to him. So in taking an inventory, after being in New York six months, he found he had been able to board in a nice hotel, become master of the German language, learn bookkeeping and short-hand, and send his mother four dollars a week regularly.

Mrs. St. Clair paid eight dollars a month for rent; then fuel had been so high; she sewed incessantly, but received a mere pittance for her work, and, as she had no machine, could accomplish but little. Until her last letter she had written sadly, and almost despondently; but a ray of sunshine had crossed her path when Fitz heard from her last. A home for "Confederate

widows" had been established, and she had two rooms free of rent. In the parlor of this "home" was a piano, upon which she gave Rena lessons daily. And better than all, the Misses B——, those elegant and refined Christian teachers, had returned from Europe, and, greatly to the delight of all who knew them personally or by reputation, had resumed their duties as teachers in the city, where they were so loved and honored. Mrs. St. Clair wrote: "Miss Agnes came immediately to see me, in my little out-of-the-way room, and 'was so glad Rena was not going to school.' She 'was so anxious to educate her,' and begged the privilege in her own inimitable way so sweetly, that we felt really that we, and not they, were the generous ones. Rena is so delighted too with their charming school, and her teacher friends. Life has a zest to it for her now, it had lost, I feared, forever. I cannot be too grateful; and I pray God it may be long before the girls of the South, (who now, more than ever, need the stimulating and elevating influence of those accomplished and elegant ladies,) shall be deprived of the benefits of their model institute."

Fitz was delighted with the good news imparted in his mother's letter, and felt encouraged. Professor Blot promised, in the fall, to obtain a situation for him as a bookkeeper, so he delved on uncomplainingly. One great privation he suffered was in not being able to attend church. There was no difference between his weekday and his Sabbath duties; and, in replying to his mother's inquiries as to his religious enjoyments, he had asked, with Milton,

“Does God require day-labor, light denied?”

To which she replied :

“MY DEAR SON :

“You complain that the circumstances by which you are surrounded are unfavorable to a religious growth.

“Being deprived of religious companionship, and not being permitted to go to the house of prayer, are certainly causes of deep regret ; but hold fast your integrity ; do not become discouraged ; for God is not confined to times or places.

“‘A thousand ways has Providence
To bring His children home.’

“My experience teaches me it takes less fortitude to do than to suffer God’s will.

“To your question,

“‘Does God require day-labor, light denied?’

I reply in the words of the questioner :

“‘Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o’er land and water without rest.
They also serve, who only stand and wait.’

“I think both you and I might derive comfort from the hymn Harry and Clara are now singing so sweetly at my side :

“‘We shall not always labor,
We shall not always sigh ;
We will lay our heavy burdens down ;
There is resting by-and-by.’

“I, too, become restless, Fitz, and exclaim, ‘How long ? O God, how long ?’ but only ‘to those who endure’ is the promise given. Our poor, smitten,

afflicted family have too many ties to bind us to 'the bright world beyond,' to relax our efforts, even for a moment. Pray much, my son, and the joys of 'Jerusalem the golden' will repay a thousand-fold for the hardships endured on the pilgrimage.

"I have just returned from the funeral of poor Frank Le Bruce, who left us last Sabbath evening, at the going out of the tide, 'aged twenty-three.'

"You will be glad to know that the dark cloud of skepticism and unbelief that has shrouded his soul, ever since he was informed of the sad circumstances of Eva's brutal murder, was rolled away, and his sun sank beneath a cloudless sky to rest. For months he was in the lowest abyss of despair. His was a complete insolvency of the heart. Life was an intolerable burden, and yet he prayed to live. To avenge his wife's murder, he sought oblivion in drink, and it was terrible to hear one brought up as he was, sneer at the mercy of a God, who allowed a brutal soldiery to drag from her bed a gentle, young creature in the pangs of child-birth, and leave her to die in the streets at midnight, on the cold earth. It was an aggravated case of brutality, and when we consider his devotion to Eva from childhood, it is scarcely to be wondered at that reason was for a while dethroned. You would hardly have recognized in the haggard, pale misanthrope the high-born, elegant young man, who so gracefully bore off the honors of the class of 1861. I never knew brighter hopes brought to confusion than in the case of this young couple.

"A few weeks before he died, as I took some photographs I had colored, back to Mr. De Vaux's studio, my attention was arrested by a large box the express-wagon had just left. Mr. D—— said to me, 'that is the three-quarter length portrait of the beautiful Eva Legare, Frank Le Bruce's poor murdered wife; it has

been stored in Augusta. The family have never seen it. I took the outlines immediately after the war commenced, and was then compelled to move up to Georgia. Eva sat to me while there on a visit, and I have a remarkably fine picture.'

"It struck me that a sight of the face of his lovely child-wife might possibly produce a good effect on Frank; so I asked Mr. D—— if he 'would allow me the undisturbed possession of the room for one hour in the morning.' My request was, of course, granted, and I called at Mr. Le Bruce's. The dear old people were going with sorrow to the grave, because of the sad condition of Frank, both mentally and physically. 'He was failing rapidly,' his mother said, then added, 'he is our only child; but we have seen him suffer such agony of mind, that, if it would please God to enlighten the dark labyrinth of his soul, and make him once more a believer, I should lay him in the grave without a murmur.'

"When informed that 'I wished to see him,' he arose, made his toilet, and came into the parlor, looking so weird and weary, I could scarcely control my feelings.

"When I was about to leave, I asked him 'if he would not accompany me to an artist's studio, where I was going to get some coloring to do?'

"He looked at me steadily for a moment, a bitter smile came over his chiselled features, his lip curled, and he said, cynically, 'You want me to go with you to hunt work, do you? Yes, I will go; we are fellow-sufferers, victims of God's mercy. Your brave, noble husband was killed, your home stolen from you by your Government, even your very bed taken from under you and given to negroes, and no redress, because the rulers placed over us are those of whom Job says, "Their fathers I would not have sit with the

dogs of my flock ;” and here you are, poor, little, delicate woman, begging work from door to door. And, yet, you undertake to talk to me about “the justice and mercy of God, an Overruling Providence,” and all that kind of cant. No, my dear friend, Voltaire is right : “The world is a vast field of carnage, and in man there is more wretchedness than in all the other animals put together ; he spends the transient moments of his existence in cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay, and in cheating and being cheated. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches. I wish I had never been born.” I indorse him from my soul,’ he said, with great earnestness. I put my hands upon his throbbing temples, and said : ‘You only think you do, dear boy, but you do not. You and I suffer, and our eyes are so full of tears we cannot see earth’s beauty through them. Through my widow’s veil all is gloom ; but when I throw it aside and look up into the heavens, where my treasures are, I tread earth lightly. Look up, Frank ; God is good. “He keeps a niche in heaven for all our idols, though he breaks them to our face.” What matters it to them, now that the messenger he sent to convey them to their home in the skies was a stern one ? The pang was short, but oh, the joys to which it introduced them. Man had no pity ; but the blow they dealt laid our martyred dead in the loving arms of our pitying Saviour. They wear no blood-stained garments in the bright and beautiful world where they have gone.’

“Only just across the river
Are the dear ones we loved so ;
Clad in pure and spotless garments,
Whiter far than whitest snow.
They have plunged cold Jordan’s billow,
They have passed through Death’s alarms ;

Now they are free from every sorrow,
In the Saviour's loving arms.'

" 'God has permitted' all that has befallen us, and like Henrietta Maria, let us 'submit.'

"When we entered the artist's studio, the bright rays of the sun shining through the windows played upon the golden curls, and lighted up the marvellously beautiful face, until the picture seemed life-like, and Eva — loving, gentle Eva — stood there, waiting to welcome her poor, heart-broken husband.

"When Frank saw the picture, he uttered an indescribable groan; then, with clasped hands, he fell on his knees before it, and in tones of agony which I can never forget, cried out, 'Spirit of my murdered wife! have you come back from your bright home in the skies to chide me for so long allowing your murder to go unavenged? Oh, pity me! and tell me what demon committed the hellish deed, that I may know where to strike. Vengeance! vengeance! only give me vengeance, O my God! for the burning desire is consuming me.' And putting his handkerchief to his mouth, it was soon crimsoned with his life-blood.

"Kneeling by him, I said, 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' Eva has not come to counsel vengeance, Frank, but to lure you back into the path of right. You have wandered far from her, and from God, and unless you return, and He have mercy upon you, throughout the never-ending ages of eternity you will be separated from your wife, and forever shut up with her murderers in the abode of the lost. Can you reconcile yourself to the dreadful thought, Frank?'

"He turned, and looked at me; I saw the spell was broken—the demon exorcised. He was weeping tears of penitence. Looking up at Eva, he said: 'My guardian angel, you have saved me. By the grace of God, I shall meet you in heaven. O my spirit-bride!

come soon, for I am so weary.' Then laying his head upon a chair near by, he wept the burning, tender tears that make the heart better.

"I cannot tell you how thankful I felt that he was aroused to a sense of his condition. I knew the penitent sinner would find mercy from his forgiving Saviour; but the enemy of souls did not give up his victim without a struggle—a fierce contest had to be waged with the powers of darkness, before he came through into the light. Two weeks before he died, every doubt was removed; and he was unspeakably happy in the assurance that his sins were all forgiven, his Saviour reconciled, and a home in heaven made sure through the mediation of Christ. I visited, and sang for him every day, 'Jerusalem the Golden,' 'Shall we gather at the River,' 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul,' and 'Rock of Ages.'

"The afternoon he died, as we stood weeping around the bed where he lay unconscious, dying, he raised himself, opened his great, glorious eyes,—which we had supposed forever closed upon earthly things,—and stretching his arms, he exclaimed, in a rapture of delight, 'Eva! my precious wife!' and fell back, dead. The severed ones had met.

"Thank God,

"'Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.'

"Let us never give up our confidence, my son, for it hath great recompense of reward. If you are prevented from going to the sanctuary, you can obtain a blessing anywhere in the path of duty. A whispered prayer will arrest the attention of the Almighty, though it go up from your place of business. It is a powerful, all-conquering, safe weapon; keep it bright with use; never sheathe it, for you can only enter heaven by it.

YOUR MOTHER."



CHAPTER XVIII.

RESISTING TEMPTATION.

A FEW weeks after receiving this letter from his mother, as Fitz sat writing, the night-watch of the hotel came to him, and said: "Mister St. Clair: My uncle died last night, and is going to give a wake to-night, which I would like to attend; and I came to see if I could not make a bargain with you. I will take your place, and let you go to church to-morrow, if you will take my place, and watch the hotel to-night."

"I should be delighted to do it, if the landlord agrees," said Fitz; "go and ask him." Fitz was so overjoyed at the prospect of any arrangement by means of which he could get to attend church once more, that he threw down his pen, and went with Pat into the office.

"I have no objection in the world," said Mr. L., when asked. "I am going to Springfield this afternoon, and shall sleep sounder from a knowledge of the fact that you are guarding the hotel; for my trust and confidence in you, Fitz, is implicit."

"Thank you, sir," said Fitz. "I hope I shall always be worthy of your good opinion."

All night long, as Fitz paced the broad passages, he thought of the happy Sabbath that was soon to dawn for him, and then sad memory brought up another Sabbath, on a gory battle-field, and a dying father, whose remains were still far from his native State; and he was beginning to question again, when his mother's advice came to him, and he resolved to "wait for eternity to explain the hidden things of time." So he walked and thought, until the long-desired morning dawned, and he was once again to spend a Christian Sabbath in a Christian manner.

The morning was dark, and quite chilly for May, but Fitz did not observe the weather, for the fact that he was going to worship God in His own sanctuary banished all gloom.

The bells' inviting chime had never sounded upon more eager ears. He had made up his mind to go to "the church of the strangers," for the pastor, (besides being the especial friend of all unfortunate exiles, who, like himself, were banished by stern necessity from their homes, and were seeking a livelihood in that great centre of the world,) was a personal friend of his father, and he knew would befriend him for his father's sake. The day was to be an era in his life; the dawn of a brighter future, he felt certain.

"What are you going to do with your holiday, St. Clair?" asked one of the clerks of Fitz. "Smith, Brown, and myself are going to have a good time at

High, Low, Jack, and the Game. Come and join us, do. We have a bottle of Cognac and some real old Monongahela, and intend to drive dull care away, at least for to-day."

"Thank you," said Fitz; "I have an engagement."

"Oh, break it," said the young man, pleasantly, "for you have had the most tread-mill existence since you came to this hotel. Give yourself a little pleasure, do. 'All work and no play,' you know, 'makes Jack a dull boy.'"

"I am neither going to work nor to play to-day. Wilson, it is the holy Sabbath day, and I am going to try and 'keep it holy.'"

Wilson looked at him steadily, and said: "Ah, my boy, I used to do some business in that line myself once, but I found it didn't pay. Christian people, so called, are the hardest people I ever had any dealings with. When I was pious," (and he laughed derisively at the bare recollection of it,) "one of the deacons in the church set me up in a small business, involving only about twelve hundred dollars. I was very young and impulsive, and saw in it only an act of great Christian liberality. I spoke the praises of my benefactor to everybody, and he told his disinterested act too, far and wide. Our minister made a sermon from it, and took his text, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' In this sermon he, without calling names, referred so beautifully to 'the Christian merchant, who could, from his commercial pinnacle, stoop

and lend a helping hand to a young and struggling brother,' that every one unconsciously turned toward the pew where the George Peabody of the congregation sat, drinking it all in. Do you remember the contrasted figures the bitters men use to advertise their nostrums — 'the look at this,' and 'look at that'? Well, while this highly laudatory sermon was being listened to, I felt that to the congregation I represented the 'look at this' man, to Mr. Goody's 'look at that'; however, let that go for what it is worth. Suffice it to say, I worked hard, fared hard, slept over my store; but I was building up a new business, and it was all up-hill work. In six months, my generous benefactor, having more than doubled his investment by the advertisement his generosity had given him, politely informed me that 'he had immediate use for the capital he had loaned me, with the interest; he must have the last cent,' he said, 'immediately.' I was horror-struck. To withdraw my entire capital, would be the ruin of me! I expostulated, remonstrated, entreated; but he was inexorable. The Christian Shylock would have nothing short of the pound of flesh. I could not borrow the money from any other party, for they insinuated 'something must be wrong, or that *pious, good man*, would not withdraw his assistance;' so they set themselves to work to discover a cause. I had worked night and day, and starved myself to a skeleton; so they darkly hinted 'I was drinking myself to death, only see how haggard I looked.' Poor Mr. Goody! they hoped he would not

suffer too deeply for his misplaced benevolence ; and, only to think, he was ‘such a Christian ; he neither accused, nor abused me, but remained silent whenever my affairs were referred to.’ Well, to make a long story short, I was sold out in the heat of summer, when business was dead. My stock was bought in by my creditor, who was in the same line of business, for less than one-half I had paid him for the goods at wholesale, and my store was shut up, my reputation blasted, my credit gone, — while Mr. Goody, with a look of long-suffering resignation, received the sympathy of the church and community, and our beloved pastor preached from the text, ‘If thine enemy sin against thee seventy times seven, forgive him.’ Formidable enemy, I, poor wretch, was. Well, I left that town and that church, and I have never been in a church since, and I never mean to, if I keep my senses, for, I tell you, Christian people (so called) are a hard set. They use their profession as a cloak for their rascality, and are, one and all of them, so intolerant, that, if the Saviour were back upon earth, he could not be retained as pastor of one of the churches who profess to have Christ as their head.”

“Why do you say that ?” asked Fitz.

“Why, in the first place, if he was rector of that elegant church over there, he would not want Mary Magdalene snubbed when she came in, and made to sit in that dark back pew against the wall.

“And if he were preaching in that church,” pointing to another, “he would have to be exceedingly

cautious, and not hint at stealing, for all the officials have failed full-handed, and live by the sharp practice. There is no use talking, the meek and loving Jesus could find no fellowship with the Christians of this day, who are biting and devouring every poor wretch they can get in their power. I have had my fingers burnt, and I keep shy of them; and I advise you to take warning by my example, and keep away from churches and church-members."

"Wilson, you are inconsistent. You tried one church, and were disappointed, and never intend to try another. Why did you not act the same way about your place of residence? you did not give up trying towns, because you were disappointed in one town. You have been disappointed in one man, but you have not lost faith in all men. Have you ever trusted the blessed Saviour, and been disappointed? and yet you have given Him up, because a Judas betrayed him. Maybe that was the reason why the disciples 'forsook Him and fled:' the argument would hold as good for them as for you. Because one church-member out of twelve is a hypocrite, does that prove religion false and Christ an impostor? Christ himself told us, that 'not every one that said unto him, Lord, Lord, would enter into the kingdom of heaven,' but only they who did the will of his Father who was in heaven. We are not left to judge blindly, or to take as Christian examples people whose ungodly acts prove them hypocrites. We have an example left us; let us follow Him 'who was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without

sin.' And it is unkind and ungenerous to select the only traitor in the college of apostles as a type of the followers of Christ. But I must go now and get ready for church," said Fitz, looking down at his threadbare suit.

"St. Clair, look here; I was hunting for you. We are going on an excursion, and you must go with us; I am so glad you are off duty," said a young clerk, coming up and taking hold of Fitz.

"Thank you, but I have an engagement," said Fitz; "and, if you will excuse me for being so abrupt, I must go at once, and prepare for it."

"O Fitz, how mean of you! We are going up the Hudson, with a band of music, pleasant company, refreshments of all kinds, and anticipate a glorious day. Do come!"

"I cannot, Bob; and you must not detain me, for I am in a great hurry," said Fitz, walking quickly away.

"Meester Sin Clare! Meester Sin Clare!" shouted Pat; "come heere, will you? Here's a man, bad luck to him, who laves his umbrelly and wants to carry the check away with him, when yourself tould me the check was to be slip-knotted on to the umbrelly."

"Yes, Pat; but I told you the duplicate was to be given to whoever deposited anything."

"Duplicate! and what's them? Shure, you left me nothing at all, at all, but checks—two of aich kind."

It took Fitz some time to go over again the directions to Pat, but he went through it patiently; and again hurried to his room, where he brushed his threadbare coat and made his toilet.

He was entirely ignorant of localities, and had gone up into the passage to consult the church directory, — which always hung there on Sunday, — when Magit met him, and, as usual, had something disagreeable to say.

“Why, F. F., what are you doing up here? you surely are not going out in that canvas suit! Why don’t you have it filled in? it is nothing but a warp. No one in the world would ever take you for one of the F. F.’s of Dixie. Here, I must write your title on your back;” and taking from his pocket a piece of chalk, he ran after Fitz, who tried to get out of his way, and wrote F F C D on the back of his coat. The last two letters, he informed Fitz, “belonged exclusively to Southern F. F.’s, who were all seedy — or C D, for short.”

Poor Fitz tried hard to control himself; and was able to say, facetiously, as he observed Magit had torn his coat, “Never mind, Magit; you see my rents are coming in; I may be able to purchase another suit some of these days; then, the poor fools who have no other standard by which to judge a gentleman, except his fashionable clothes, may think me one, without my being labelled by you.”

By the time he got through mending and brushing his coat, the bells had stopped ringing; so he had to give up the idea of hearing Doctor Deems, — whose church was a long distance from the hotel, — and make his way, with as much haste as possible, to the nearest church sanctuary.

As he stood waiting in the vestibule, the old gray-headed sexton asked him, "if he wished to be shown to any particular friend's pew?"

"Friend?" repeated Fitz. "I am a stranger—I have no friend. Show me to the strangers' pew." He said this in a tone so sad that the old man looked kindly at him, and replied: "If you are one of God's children, this is your Father's house, and you are among your brothers and sisters."

Was this indeed so? Fitz did not realize it, as he sat in that remote corner, on that uncushioned back seat. Memory took him to the old church at home, built by his ancestors over a hundred years ago. Every tablet in the wall of that old stone church was the memorial of a near and dear relative; here, he was a stranger—poor, uncared for, neglected. But these bitter thoughts were not the ones he would have summoned; for he had come there to commune with his God, and be at peace, and these sad recollections had come unbidden. Closing his eyes, he prayed to God to dispel them, and repeated to himself the beautiful hymn his father used to sing at family-worship on Saturday night, in the good old days forever fled.

"Chafed and worn with worldly care,
Sweetly, Lord, my heart prepare.
Bid this inward tempest cease;
Jesus, come and whisper peace."

The organ woke, low and soft, in the mournful, solemn supplication of the opening Kyrie eleison, Lord, have mercy.

The plaintive voices slowly lifted their long, chromatic waves of harmony, until the very air quivered. It seemed to Fitz to be the sobbing out of his own sad, despairing heart in its cry for "rest."

The clergyman was no "Sabbath drawler of old saws," but was young, ardent, enthusiastic, and earnest. He took for his text the words of the blessed Saviour: "I looked for some to take pity, and there was none; and for comforters, and there was none; but I am not alone, the Father is with me."

After speaking of the Saviour's extreme loneliness, when forsaken even by his disciples, and his readiness to excuse them when he said, "The Spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak," he enlarged upon the latter clause of the text, and proved "if we loved God we could not be alone." "The Father would be with us," as he was with Joseph, to strengthen, sustain, and keep him pure in the midst of temptation, and with righteous Lot in wicked Sodom; while, on the other hand, Adam fell from Paradise, and Lucifer from the skies. If we were lost, we could blame no one but our own corrupt selves, for God had done all he could to save us; and if we were eventually lost, we would have to wade through Christ's blood into the burning pit.

He taught also that there was no royal road to heaven; and if we ever reached the shining city, it would only be through the Slough of Despond and the Valley of Humiliation, up the Hill Difficulty, right past the Lions, and through the deep, cold River of Death, to where the "shining ones" were. When he

shadowed forth the glory that would be ours in that brighter, better world, where the Saviour is, and our loved and lost have gone, Fitz felt an unutterable longing to be there, and could say from his heart, —

“Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.”

He was so happy in the prospect of heaven at last, that the tears ran down his cheeks; and he was thankful that the prayer afforded him an opportunity to weep unobserved. The dark shadows were all dispersed from his spiritual horizon, like the unwholesome vapors of night before the bright sunshine; and when, with profound tenderness, the choir sang the simple dismissal hymn, *Dona nobis pacem*, he thanked God that peace had already come into his heart.

When he reached the hotel, he met Wilson, who, exhibiting a plethoric pocketbook, said: “See what a fool you have been, St. Clair. I offered you half I won, if you would join us, and here are my winnings—the tidy little sum of three hundred dollars, and no discount.”

“I am not so sure about the discount,” said Fitz; “and I tell you honestly, I covet no money earned as you have earned that, by gambling on the Sabbath. If I cannot make money any other way, I don’t want it;” and he went to his room, and wrote his mother a long, cheerful, happy letter. After posting it, he took

from his father's trunk his father's Bible, which had been in his breast-pocket when he was shot: it was stained with blood.

The trunk had come into his possession only the day before. A Federal officer—a Mason—having captured it, and found that the General was a Mason in high standing, preserved it, until he accidentally met Fitz at the hotel, and turned it over to him.

On the blank leaf of the Bible was the family group, taken just before the General was killed, with darling little May in the centre. When dying, General St. Clair had asked to see this picture; and kissing it, said, "I leave you, my treasures, to my country; but meet me in heaven. Give my sword to Fitz; and tell him, if his country ever needs it, to use it in her defence."

Fitz was reading in this precious Bible, when he heard heavy footsteps ascending the stairs, then a stop at the door, and a loud rap. He thrust the Bible into his pocket, and placing his father's massive gold watch and seals, signet-ring, and pencil, in the trunk, he locked it and went to the door. Standing in front of it was a policeman, Magit, one or two of the waiters, and a bulky, coarse-looking man.

"What is it?" said Fitz, quietly.

"Why, it's this: there's been some stealing going on. I am a detective, and I have come to smell it out."

"Well, what have you come here for?"

"Because, Mr. Innocence, we have every reason to believe you stole the articles, and have come up here

to get them back, if you did not dispose of them this morning while you were out."

"You say you have every reason to believe I stole?" almost gasped Fitz. "What do you mean?"

"Why he means, F. F., that you ought to have kept your name on your back, then you would have been above suspicion, you see."

"What reason have you to suspect me of the dishonorable act?" asked Fitz; "I am sure no one can say aught against my character since I came to this city."

"Can't they, though?" said Magit; "why, the very first thing you did was to try and pass off counterfeit money; do you deny that?"

"I told you at the time," said Fitz, "that I had taken it in change."

"Yes; and where did you get it? At one of the lowest gambling-houses in the city. I suppose that ain't true, either."

"Come, don't make any more words," said the detective, "for any one who deals in counterfeit money and patronizes gambling-hells can't be trusted; so you just hand over the key of that aristocratic-looking trunk, and I'll 'overhaul her,' as Captain Cuttle would say."

Poor Fitz; his misery had culminated, the climax reached. Handing the key, he staggered back to the bed, and sat on the side of it.

"High-ho! what have we here?" said the detective, opening the case which contained the elegant

watch, chain, pen, ring, studs, &c. Taking the watch in his hand, he said, "It appears to me, young man, a cluster of diamonds would not be at all out of place with this magnificent time-keeper. What's its history?"

"It was my father's watch," Fitz said, in a sad, despairing tone.

"Your father? Why, you are better off than the most of us, if you had a father," said the officer. "Where is your father now?"

"Dead."

"Poor orfing," said Magit.

"Dead?" repeated the policeman, "that's safe, anyhow; but I'll bet this watch's father ain't dead. Here, Magit, you can wear it until we find its disconsolate parient; I have no doubt he will be rejoiced to see it once more."

Fitz looked stupidly at Magit, as he put his father's watch in his pocket, and arranged the heavy chain, with its seal, upon which was the family coat-of-arms; then his head swam, and he lay insensible on the bed.

"A sure mark of guilt; he's scared to death," said the inhuman Magit.

"Throw water on him, and bring him to," said the officer; "for I have no time to wait on hysterics."

They threw water on him, unbuttoned his collar, opened the window, and used other means; but it was some time before he was able to comprehend his situation.

"Where are the articles you stole?" screamed the

detective, who seemed to think because he did not answer that he did not hear.

"Stole?" said Fitz, — "I stole?"

"Yes, that you stole, when I met you up in the passage-way this morning," said his tormentor, Magit.

"What carried you up in that passage?" asked the policeman.

"I went up to consult the church directory."

"Church! Why, bless the little saint — it's pious, it is."

"Well, my experience is," said the policeman, "that the more folks goes to church, the better they are prepared for the Tombs. That's Scripter, ain't it, youngster?"

They taunted and tormented an unresisting martyr; for Fitz never opened his lips: it all seemed so unreal. He was in a stupor, and scarcely appeared conscious of what was going on.

"You seem so entirely moon-struck," said the policeman, "I will leave you to collect your senses; and maybe you can remember what you did with the things by the time I come back. Meanwhile, I'll just turn the key in this door, for fear you might take a notion to go to church again, and it ain't healthy to go too often. Now mind, I shall be back in one hour, and then, if you don't produce the diamonds, I shall take you to prison."

"You don't feel in no ways like knocking a body down now, does you?" said Magit, tauntingly; and after the door was closed, he opened it, and stuck his

head in, to say, if Fitz felt like singing, he would suggest that

“Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,”

would be very appropriate to the occasion.

But Fitz sat in mute despair, and resented nothing. Where was all the joy and peace he had felt a few hours before? Why did he go to church? How much better for him would it have been if he had stayed and gambled with Smith and Jones, or gone on the excursion with Talbot. Yes, Wilson was right; and if he had only listened to him, all would have been well. Temptation, with wild fury, assailed him, until in the agony of despair he fell upon his knees, and said, “O God—my father’s God—forsake me not utterly!” He dared not say another word—heaven seemed so far away.

The hour of grace granted him by the detective was fast passing: he must write to his mother, for he did not know what would become of him; in all probability he would be sent to the penitentiary, for he had no friends.

He took out his portfolio, and wrote, “Dearest mother,”—he had written these same words only three hours ago. Could it be possible, so short a time had elapsed? It seemed an age: he was so happy then, so miserable now. He pushed aside the paper—he could not write. If Hans were only here—but he had been gone for a week. He decided, with his usual unselfishness, to let his mother enjoy his pleasant letter

to her, and bear his sorrow alone. So he put up his portfolio, locked his trunk, and quietly awaited his fate. The rain was beating heavily against the window; the room was dark and cheerless, but his soul was darker—the very shadow of death seemed to have settled upon him; and it was a positive relief, when the officer came, and suspense was over.

His look of suffering and misery must have moved even the stern minister of justice to pity, for he used every argument to get him to confess, and escape punishment.

Fitz, looking in his face, said, "Won't you believe me, sir, when I tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, I know nothing in the world about the lost articles." Poor boy, he knew nothing higher than "the honor of a gentleman" to declare by. "Well," said Catchall, "if you will be obstinate, you will have to suffer the consequences; come along!" and he collared him and led him out.

Hans, his German friend, came in at that moment, having just arrived, and been informed by Magit that "Fitz had been caught stealing diamonds, and was going to jail." Wringing his hands, he exclaimed, "Ach Gott, verlass nicht!" He saw that Fitz was arrested, but he knew enough of him to feel he was innocent, and he implored the officer to "let him go."

As they passed, Magit struck up, "I wish I was in Dixie."

Hans followed him to the jail, and begged to share his imprisonment, which privilege was, of course,

refused. Fitz reached the prison, drenched through with rain. When the turnkey locked him in his cell, he threw himself upon the hard bed; fever was coursing through his veins, his temples throbbed, and he felt as if he was going to die. He had never been so sick before. But to die in jail, accused of such a low crime, and no way to prove his innocence. Oh, the prospect was too terrible. Piteously, he exclaimed, "Was this the honor, father, you died to bequeath me? Oh, come back! come back! for this un pitying world has no kind word for the widows and orphans of 'the lost cause.'" Just before daylight, exhausted nature yielded, and he fell asleep. A cool, soft hand upon his brow, roused him late the next afternoon.

"Do you feel better, my young friend?" said a gentle voice.

"Better?" Had he been sick? Where was he? He looked around, and tried to collect his senses. Putting his hand to his temples, which felt sore, he found them filled with blood. Turning to the doctor, he said, "Where am I? what has been the matter with me? and who are you?"

"You have been sick; I am a physician, and have applied leeches to your temples."

Fitz pointed to the grated windows, and said, "I am in prison, charged with theft. I thought it was only a frightful dream I had had."

"I hope your troubles will pass as soon as a dream, for Hans went after Mr. Lorimore, the proprietor of your hotel. He returned to the city immediately, and

will leave nothing undone to prove your innocence. He called this morning, but you did not know him, so he sent me.

“If you are better, he will see you to-morrow. You must keep very quiet, banish your sorrows, take this opiate, and try and rest through the night. Leave your case with your friends, trust in God, and all will be right.” After administering the draught, and putting the bladders filled with ice around his head, the doctor bid him good evening.

Under the influence of the opiate, he soon fell asleep, and did not wake until morning. He got up and dressed, but felt so weak he was glad to lie down again. He could not expect Mr. Lorimore before ten, and was restless and lonely. Taking his father’s Bible out of his pocket, he kissed it, only because it was his father’s ; then, placing it upon his pillow, he rested his cheek upon it, and slept until aroused by the entrance of Mr. Lorimore, and the kind physician.

Mr. Lorimore placed his hand affectionately upon Fitz’s head, and said, “How are you, this morning, my poor boy ?”

Fitz told him “better, but very miserable ;” and asked him if nothing had come to light concerning the lost diamonds.

“Not yet ; but don’t give up. I feel confident you are innocent ; but Magit saw you, contrary to your usual course, up in that passage. Then that counterfeit money.”

Fitz explained it all to him ; and said, “If Magit

knows the policeman, go to him — he knows the gentleman who ordered Trickum to restore my money to me; he also heard him acknowledge that I did not gamble.”

As soon as Mr. Lorimore heard this, he jumped into the doctor’s buggy, and went to hunt up evidence.

He found the policeman, who certified to all Fitz had said; and told him, “that Mr. Winthrop, the president of the Bank upon which the bills were counterfeited, was the gentleman who came to Fitz’s relief, and wrote the note demanding that good bills should be given, and the counterfeit bills burned up by the policeman in the presence of Fitz,—all of which he did.”

Mr. Lorimore then went to the Bank, to Mr. Winthrop, and asked him for his evidence. Mr. Winthrop remembered the transaction perfectly well; and after telling it as he knew it, he asked Mr. Lorimore “who the young man was, and where he was from?”

“His name is Fitz-Hugh St. Clair, and he is from South Carolina.”

Mr. Winthrop arose from his desk, greatly excited, wiped the perspiration from his face, and said, “Take me immediately to him.”

Mr. Lorimore could not understand him at all. On the way, he took the reins from Mr. Lorimore, saying, “You drive too slow!” When he went into the cell where Fitz was, he walked right up to him, and said: “Who are you, young man?”

“Fitz-Hugh Winthrop St. Clair, of South Carolina, sir.”

"Did you ever hear your father speak of Winthrop, his college-friend?"

"Oh, yes; we were taught to call him Uncle Harry. I bear his last, and my brother his first name."

Mr. Winthrop remained silent for a few moments, as though afraid to ask what he wished to know. At length he said, in a subdued tone, "Where is your father?"

"Killed, sir," said Fitz, sadly.

Mr. Winthrop walked to the window, and, to the surprise of everybody, wept aloud. It was some time before he became composed enough to introduce himself to Fitz, as his father's dearest friend, H. D. Winthrop.

"I loved your father, Fitz, as my own soul. We were room-mates in Yale for four years; and, being an orphan, I spent all my vacations in your beautiful island home. The news of his death was not unexpected to me,—that was the reason I dreaded to inquire. I knew his sentiments, and I also knew he was brave enough to die for them. But I ordered my carriage to follow me; come, this is no place for you."

"You forget, sir, I am a prisoner, charged with theft, and cannot leave."

"Ter things ish fount — ach, mein Gott!" said Hans, rushing in. "Somepoddly hided them under the sofa; and I am so happy;" and it really seemed so, for he found one language inadequate to express his joy,—he used English, and German, in turn, then a mixture of the two, hugging Fitz, and crying all the time.

It was indeed true that the jewels were found; they had been put under a sofa by whoever took them. Certainly not Fitz, for the sofa had been exchanged only the day before, for one from Mr. Lorimore's private apartment. This, two waiters and Mr. and Mrs. Lorimore could prove; although the evil-designing person who had taken them, either to ruin Fitz, or to possess himself of the valuables and throw the blame on Fitz, did not know it, and so had been caught in his own snare.

After the release came, the doctor said, "Fitz is my patient, Mr. Winthrop, and must have no more excitement to-day. I must insist on taking him in my buggy up to the hotel, and to bed for the rest of the day."

"No, no; he must go immediately home with me. My house is his home; from henceforth he is my child."

"Believe me," said the doctor, "he is on the verge of brain-fever, and must go to bed at once, and be quiet."

"Let him go with us to-day," said Mr. Lorimore, "and to-morrow you honor us with your company to dinner; the doctor will join us, and may then consent to resign his patient to you."

Mr. Winthrop had to yield, but insisted on Fitz driving to the hotel in his carriage. On the way they stopped at the tailor's, and Fitz was measured for an elegant suit, to be sent to the hotel by twelve the next day, and to be followed by four others as soon as they could be made. The finest linen was next selected, and the best-fitting underclothes. A pair of fine

French boots made his neat little feet look natural once more, and from the silk-lined dressing-gown and embroidered slippers, to the French kids and monogram pocket-handkerchiefs, nothing was forgotten by the elegant gentleman, who felt nothing too good for the son of his dearest friend. There is a love stronger than the love of a brother — the love of a friend, which Moses says is “as the love of one’s own soul.”

When they stopped at the hotel, Mr. Winthrop had Fitz’s name entered upon the books. “Give him Number Sixteen, the room I always occupy,” said he to the clerk.

“He is my guest,” said Mr. Lorimore, “and I owe him more than I can ever pay. I might as well confess, for honest confession is good for the soul: this boy has restored my confidence in my race, and forced me to believe what I have not done for years, namely, that there is such a thing as ‘genuine Christianity’ yet on this earth.”

“Oh, my dear sir, I am a poor, miserable representative, not worthy to be called a disciple,” said Fitz; and his eyes were full of tears, as he remembered the past two days.

“Not another word,” said the doctor; “to your room and to bed for the rest of the day.” Hans followed him like his shadow, and seemed afraid to let him get out of his sight, even for a moment. Fitz insisted upon his occupying the room with him, and a gentler, or more devoted nurse never hovered around a sick-bed than this loving enthusiast proved himself to be.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOTEL DINNER.

IT was quite late in the morning before Fitz awoke, but he did so refreshed, and feeling happier than he had felt since the war.

Hans was standing at the window, after having opened all the packages. As soon as he found Fitz was awake, he rang the bell for breakfast to be brought up; and told him Mr. Winthrop's servant had left that elegant dressing-case, and inquired after his health, and Mrs. Winthrop had sent the exquisite bouquet, in the vase at his side.

Fitz was too full for utterance, and Hans had everything his own way. "Fitz was to eat breakfast in his dressing-gown, and then make an elegant toilet, — which would make Magit die mit rage;" and the thought of the catastrophe wreathed the face of the honest German with smiles.

"Hans," said Fitz, "I can't afford to indulge such feelings to-day; I am so grateful to my heavenly Father for overruling Magit's wicked designs against

me, that I do not feel as though I would ever take vengeance into my own hands again. But what have you here?"

"Oh, yes; ain't it putiful? I am glad you have something so goot to learn on," taking a beautiful meerschaum from its velvet bed, and handing it to Fitz.

"I shall never learn," said Fitz; "but I am glad I have this to give you, as you will smoke."

"Oh, no, Feetz. Why, it is gold-mounted, and the most putiful pipe I ever saw."

"So much the better, Hans; nothing could be too good for you, my kind friend. I would rather that you would not smoke; but, as you will, I am glad to have this beautiful meerschaum to give you."

When Fitz answered the summons to the parlor, dressed in his new suit, he looked a model of manly beauty. His pale, intellectual face, and graceful form, would have attracted attention in any place, and Mr. Winthrop was impatient to introduce him to his family.

Mr. Lorimore had provided an elegant dinner, at a private table; and the Doctor, Hans, Mr. Winthrop, and his son, Arthur St. Clair,—who was so impatient to make the acquaintance of his "new brother," that he would not wait until his father brought him to his new home, but insisted on going uninvited to the dinner,—sat down to enjoy it.

The waiters, with whom Fitz had always been a favorite, took a malicious pleasure in placing the table at the end of the dining-room, right by Magit's desk,

so that worthy gentleman could have the full benefit of all that was being done in honor of his victim. He was aware that his humiliation was a matter of rejoicing to all in the house. His face was as black as a thunder-cloud; and his indignation culminated, when Mr. Lorimore called him, and handing a key, ordered him to "bring a bottle of the choicest old wine for Mr. St. Clair."

He brought it; and slamming it down in front of Mr. Lorimore, darted a glance of the most deadly hatred at Fitz, who studiously avoided recognizing his presence.

Fitz declined all solicitation to take "any kind of liquor."

"Not even iced claret?" said Mr. Lorimore; "I insist on your taking that at least; there is no alcohol in it."

"Please excuse me," said Fitz; "I will never drink, I am resolved, while I live. My dear father's rule was, never to touch liquor, unless prescribed by a physician." Then turning to Mr. Winthrop, he said: "I am sure you do not think, sir, I could select a better model?"

Mr. Winthrop seemed too much moved to speak; he only shook his head; and removing his glasses, wiped them.

"You say 'you will take a drink if prescribed by a physician;' so Doctor, issue your professional indulgence, for I am sure a glass of green seal will be of infinite service to your patient."

"I prescribe liquor, Mr. Lorimore, with more caution than I do arsenic, for the very name of arsenic forewarns you of danger ; but liquor is perfidious, and deludes to kill. I do not allow the use of paregoric in my family for the same reason ; its seeming harmlessness makes it accomplish more harm than its more dreaded brother laudanum, for there is no gainsaying the fact, that where one child falls a victim to laudanum, a dozen are drugged to death with paregoric. I am a physician, and I know that putrefaction is more dangerous before maturity than after it ; so the moderate drinker does infinitely more harm than the abandoned drunkard, who is a temperance lecture himself."

"Come, Doctor, I am afraid your extreme views will prevent Mr. Winthrop's testing this old Cognac," making ready, as he spoke, to pour the liquor into Mr. Winthrop's tumbler.

"Not any for me, thank you," said Mr. Winthrop ; "the Doctor and myself fully agree as to 'moderate drinking,' and particularly in this time of universal defection do I believe it the duty of every Christian man to do all in his power against it."

"But if you do that, you will have to stop going into society," said Mr. Lorimore, "for there is not a society, or a Masonic meeting, or a club, that don't mean 'drink.' Why, the society that met here last night for a benevolent purpose paid two hundred dollars for liquor, and voted one hundred and fifty dollars to be divided among forty widows and orphans."

"You are using your own arguments against your-

self, sir," said Mr. Winthrop. "Do you not see that if the members of that society had been conscientious Christian gentlemen, and really meant what they professed — 'to help the widow and orphan' — their meeting would have resulted in great good, and not turned out a drunken orgy, as it did. Liquor is to blame for it."

"You spoke of 'Masonic meetings;' I am a Mason, and I tell you, sir, a good Mason never gets drunk. Masonry forbids it. You are also mistaken in saying that 'society requires that a man should drink.' It is a libel upon society, for it makes no such requirement; it is the beastly craving of his own depraved appetite that makes a man drink. When the weather is warm, the drunkard drinks because it is warm; when it is cold, he drinks because it is cold. If a man has a bad wife, 'the poor, unfortunate creature' drinks to make her better; if he has a good wife, he drinks to discipline her, and make her long for a better world. If he is prospering in business, 'he can afford to drink;' if business is dull, 'it is enough to make any man drink;' and the fact is, I am at a loss to decide for which I have the greater contempt, the drunkard, or the weak, lying excuses he makes for drinking. Instead of coming out honestly, and acknowledging that 'the beast' in his nature had triumphed over 'the angel,' and he was a victim, he tries to make his wife, the weather, society, and everything else, the scape-goat for his own want of manliness. I have been in society, and the best of society, too, from my boyhood, and I have never been com-

pelled to drink in order to retain my position. Whenever I drank, I did it because of my own weakness."

"There was a dinner given," said Fitz, "to General Lee a short time since, by one of our wealthy and aristocratic families, upon whose luxurious table, (no matter what the occasion,) liquor was never introduced; no, not even when the Prince of Wales enjoyed their elegant hospitality. Although for his dear, good, womanly mother's sake they delighted to honor her son, yet they reserved to themselves the right of doing so in their own way, a way which they knew England's Christian Queen would approve. They did not try to make a beast of the heir to her throne, but treated him as a young man in whose hands the destiny of the British nation would soon be placed, and who would need all his faculties unimpaired, to be equal to the demands which would be made upon him. Since that dinner, however, the sons in the family had grown up, and now that General Lee (whom you know we worship at the South) was to be entertained, they insisted that this rigid temperance rule should be set aside for 'just this once,' and liquors be provided. The parents held out for a long time, but at length the mother was won over, and she joined in wresting an unwilling consent from the father to permit Champagne, 'only that and nothing more,' to be used on the great occasion.

"Well, the dinner-hour arrived; and the accomplished waiters drew the green-sealed corks from the frozen beverage, and essayed to fill the General's glass. Very quietly, however, this was prevented by the Gen-

eral himself, who placed his hand — that hand that had wielded the victorious sword on many a battle-field — over the glass, and with a quiet motion of the head, the liquor was declined. Who thought it rude? The act was the simplest in the world, done in a second; but the result of that example — who can tell? I tell you, it influenced the lives, and sealed the destiny of every young man at that table, and was worthy of the great, good man who did it.”

“God bless the noble General,” said Mr. Winthrop. “He is one of the very few men brave enough to have acted so. Long may our young men have his example left them.”

“Let’s drink to that,” said Fitz, taking up a glass of ice-water; “and let us add the wish, that when he does die, it may be in his own home; for he is the grandest hero on this earth, although the hero of a ‘lost cause.’”

“Will you allow us to join in that wish?” said a gentleman at an adjoining table, speaking for his party, who indorsed him by raising their glasses to their lips. “We are from Massachusetts; but General Lee’s reputation is national — the South cannot monopolize him, there is too much of him; they might as well attempt to monopolize the sunlight, because it shines so much warmer upon them than upon us. General Lee belongs to America; and my toast will be the earnest desire of many hearts — North as well as South — that the disgrace to the nation Washington founded, may be wiped out, by the restoration of ‘Arlington, to Mary Custis,’ lest, in the language of Virginia’s inspired poetess,

‘The blood allied to Washington,
Spurned from the rights he gave, —
Denied the vaunted justice done
To every home-born slave, —
The blood of Askalon will tell,
And Gath will hear afar;
And kingdoms sneer it, one to one, —
“*How base republics are.*”’

Fitz bowed the thanks his full heart forbade his attempting to utter. The love of the South for General Lee is an intense passion. We love to love him — we are ennobled by it, for he has no peer. As a conquering general, his victories were ever ascribed to his soldiers; and when his decimated, starving army was so terribly outnumbered, that it was worse than folly to try and fight the whole world with them any longer, he, with all the dignity of a Roman emperor, surrendered it. In good faith he laid down his sword, and retired to private life, not to murmur and repine, but to go to work and do the good that was left him to do; and

“More true pride Marcellus, exiled, feels,
Than Cæsar, with a senate at his heels.” *

Soon after dinner, Mr. Winthrop’s coach drove up to the door. Mr. Lorimore drew Fitz aside, and offered him a salary of fifteen hundred dollars and his board, if he would remain as assistant bookkeeper.

Mr. Winthrop stepped up while they were talking, and said, “Excuse me. Fitz, enter into no engagement, until you know the plans I have for you. Mr. Lorimore is very good, and very generous, and I thank him for it; but we must do nothing hastily.”

* The great and good General has since died.

Mr. Lorimore had told Fitz, that morning, that "Magit was discharged, and would leave on the first of the month." Fitz begged that he should be "put on trial again, for his sake." Mr. Lorimore was inexorable. Fitz now again urged his request.

"I have given the place to Hans," said Mr. Lorimore.

"Then give Magit my place, for my sake," pleaded the noble-hearted young man.

"I can't find it in my heart to refuse you anything, Fitz; but I tell you, truly, I cannot bear to see the unprincipled fellow around, and I had quite made up my mind to pay him up, and send him off, as soon as he gave you your father's watch."

Fitz observed some signalling going on: then Magit, as white as a ghost, followed by the whole hotel force, came in.

"I have sent for you," said Mr. Lorimore to Magit, "to return to Mr. St. Clair, in presence of these witnesses, his father's watch and chain, and also, ask his pardon for the contemptible rascality you practised to ruin him, because he was, what you could never become — a gentleman."

"Enough! enough!" said Fitz, walking up to Magit, and taking the watch and chain, at the same time offering his hand, and saying, "I am not your enemy, and I will not accept any humiliation. Good-bye, Magit," and before any one knew what he was about, he had left the room.

When they reached Mr. Winthrop's elegant mansion,

the whole family came to the door to welcome Fitz. Mrs. Winthrop put her arms around him, and affectionately kissing him, said, "You are more than welcome, my son, to the home of your father's brother."

"This is my daughter Lucie, Fitz-Hugh — your mother's namesake," and Fitz shook hands with one of the loveliest and most graceful girls he had ever looked upon, her long golden ringlets reminding him of his own beautiful sister.

"Papa, must not sister Lucie kiss Fitz? You said he was to be our brother, and she always kisses brother Arthur," said little Marié.

Fitz and Lucie both blushed; but Lucie, with woman's ready tact, said: "Fitz does not want to kiss a great girl like me, Marié, so I will send my kiss to him by you," kissing her; "now give that to your new brother, for me."

"Are you not going to have him for your brother, too, Lucie?" inquired the annoyingly persistent little sprite.

"Of course I am, darling — if he will let me."

"Will you be sister Lucie's brother?" she asked, looking up into his face.

"I shall be only too proud to have two such sisters as Miss Lucie and yourself," he said, taking Marié in his arms; "you know I have two very dear sisters at home, whom I have not kissed for more than a year, so you will have to give me a whole dozen kisses to make up for it. Sister Rena is just the age of Miss Lucie," — "Sister Lucie," Marié said, correcting him, — "and Clara is about your age."

“Well, I will give you Clara’s kisses, and sister Lucie must kiss you for Rena,” putting up her rosy little lips and kissing him six times; then jumping down, for Lucie to have her turn.

Arthur roared out laughing at the awkward predicament in which Marié innocently persisted in placing her blushing sister.

And Mr. Winthrop laughingly said, “Come, Lucie, Marié is determined Fitz shall have a sister’s welcome from you.”

Fitz, with this tacit permission from her father, was too gallant not to take advantage of the blissful opportunity. Lucie’s glowing cheeks, however, made him merciful, and

“His kiss passed in height the lips
And sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on her hair.”

It was so delightful for Fitz to be once more seated at an elegant home table, that he was too happy to eat, although a gentle, musical voice, which thrilled him through and through, pressed the dainty viands upon him.

After supper they went into the parlor, and Lucie, at her father’s request, played for them, both on the harp and the piano. She played beautifully, and had one of the sweetest voices in the world.

“Miss Lucie, your touch reminds me of my mother,” said Fitz.

“I took lessons, when abroad, from her old teacher,

Don Giovanni," said Lucie. "He used to tell me I played like her, and I considered it such a compliment to be thought to resemble one whom I had never heard spoken of, either in Europe or America, except in terms of the greatest admiration."

"It would be impossible to say too much, either of her character or person," said Fitz, with emotion; "she was all you have imagined her, Miss Lucie, but is now a heart-broken widow."

"Say *sister* Lucie!" said Marié; "you have got the best forgetity I ever saw, brother Fitz."

Arthur accompanied his sister on the flute, and while playing was summoned to see some one in the library. As he went out he handed the flute to Fitz, and said, "play until I return." He was joking; but Fitz, in his own sweet style, played a second to the tune Lucie was playing.

"Do you play on the piano?" asked Mr. Winthrop.

"A little," said Fitz, turning over the leaves of Lucie's music-book. "Do you play this duet?" he asked, pointing to "The Long, Long, Weary Day," arranged as a duet.

"I used to play it with my mother during the war."

"Let us play it," said Lucie, making room for Fitz at her side. They played that sadly beautiful tune, and then another, and another, and still another, until the clock's striking warned them of the lateness of the hour.

Mr. Winthrop apologized to Fitz for their thought-

lessness in forgetting that he was not well. But Arthur insisted it was his own fault, for that he had, Orpheus-like, charmed away their memories.

Lucie said, in the innocence of her heart, "I have no apologies to make you, for I can truly say I never enjoyed music as I have to-night; I could play until morning with you."

The evening had indeed passed most delightfully; all outsiders had been refused admittance, in consequence of Fitz's feeble health; so it was pure, uninterrupted, heartfelt home enjoyment.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop sat for hours after the rest had retired talking over Fitz, General St. Clair, his family, his death, &c., &c.

General St. Clair had many years ago loaned Mr. Winthrop quite a large sum of money. This, with the added interest, he held in trust for the family, and intended taking to the widow.

"You must insist, Harry, on their coming North until things get settled South. I am crazy to see the wife of your best earthly friend; I feel that a lifetime devoted to them, would not repay the debt you owe that bravest, and best of men."

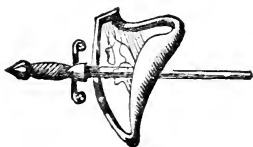
"Did you ever see such a case of 'love at first sight' as that manifested this evening?" asked Mrs. Winthrop, who had woman's peculiar gift of discovering all premonitory symptoms of "heart disease."

"They were betrothed in infancy," replied Mr. Winthrop, "and you cannot imagine what happiness it afforded me to find Fitz a youth to whom any father

might with safety and pride commit a darling daughter's happiness. The dearest wish of my heart is to see them, when old enough, married."

"I am impatient to see Lucie St. Clair, and must go South with Fitz next week, if you can spare me."

"Only to visit and carry sympathy and love to your more than brother's wife, Harry? But I must send a box, so do keep Fitz every moment that you can, that I may be able to prepare a present worth the accepting."





CHAPTER XX.

MR. WINTHROP'S HISTORY OF HIMSELF.

THE next morning Mr. Winthrop requested Fitz to "spend a few hours with him in the library, and tell him about his family."

As he listened to the sad story of suffering and wrong, he wept like a child.

"I was a Union man," he said, "but, God knows, every sentiment of my nature revolts at the enslavement of my own race, and their subjection to ignorant negroes and irresponsible and unscrupulous riff-raff from every quarter of the globe. As the English papers say, 'it is the intensest form of torture that could have been possibly imagined, for intelligent white people, and is a disgrace to any civilized government.'"

"Did you write to your mother about your arrest?"

"No, sir; she has had so much sorrow, I could not find it in my heart to add to her already full cup."

"You are a worthy son of the noblest man I ever knew, Fitz. I told you your father was 'my dearest

friend,' but he was more than that : he was my benefactor, and but for him I would have been a ruined, miserable outcast. For four years we were room-mates in old Yale. When I entered college, I was a wild, reckless boy. My uncle, who was also (since the death of my parents) my guardian, was an unyielding, hard, exacting tyrant. Part of this was owing to his natural disposition, and part to the fact that he was a nervous, dyspeptic hypochondriac. I had been an only child, caressed and indulged, and my uncle's harsh treatment discouraged and drove me to dissipation. Any indiscretion called down upon me the severest censure. He was immensely wealthy, and I was sole heir, unless I disinherited myself—as I did, upon an average, five or six times a year — by some little peccadillo, that no one else would have regarded as of any consequence.

"After I knew your father, and he became my friend, I found it easy to do right ; he was so high-toned, and honorable himself, that to come in contact with him made others so. I admired, only less than I loved him, and could not bear to be separated from him. In years I was his senior, in character he was mine ; and I looked up to him, as to an older brother, and even spent my vacations in your beautiful island home — although to go South in summer was not considered exactly the thing. I felt no place, where I enjoyed his society, uncomfortable.

"He graduated in the class above me, and, consequently, left me in college. He married a few months after he graduated, and went to Europe. I went South

to wait upon him, and returned with the bridal party. The last time I saw your mother was on board the steamer; I kissed her good-bye, and thought her the loveliest being my eyes ever beheld.

“Your father had taken first honor, and I resolved to do no less. I studied from his books, and imagined I caught inspiration from them. ‘I will hear your graduating speech, Harry, if I am alive,’ he had said to me, so I determined it should repay him for doing so. Before he left New Haven, he introduced me into the family of Professor Yale, my wife’s father, and advised me to cultivate the acquaintance. As Miss Marié was both a belle and a beauty, and the family refined and intelligent, I did not need much persuasion; and soon became a constant visitor at the house, and a suitor for the hand of my dear wife, with the approval of her parents. Your parents returned home a few weeks before Commencement, your mother being in feeble health. I had outstripped all competitors, and won the highest honors of my class—the honor won by the man I admired and considered unapproachable. I was proud and happy. My uncle was gratified, and would have left me a dozen fortunes, if they had been his to leave. ‘I am going to see you graduate, Harry; and, as the “first-honor man” may be called upon to do the treating on the occasion, I enclose a check. Don’t be stingy,—you have honored my name, and I will honor your draft.’” So wrote my uncle, enclosing a check for five hundred dollars.

“The week before Commencement, I received a let-

ter from your father, informing me that 'your mother's state of health would prevent his being present at my graduation.' He wrote in the most affectionate manner, expressing his great satisfaction and delight at my collegiate success, my matrimonial prospects, the favor I had won with my uncle, &c. To one less sensitive than I am, the letter would have conveyed the impression only of the most devoted 'brother love;' but feeling, as I did, his great superiority, I was exacting, and wanted the additional proof of his coming so far, just to see me graduate, to convince me that he really loved me for virtues that I possessed, and not simply because it would be unnatural to remain conscious of the fervor of my devotion to him, and not reciprocate in some measure.

"I was disappointed, mortified, sad. 'Commencement Day' lost its attraction to me. Marié, my guardian angel then as now, chid me for my suspicions, and said, 'Mr. St. Clair does not think it necessary to repeat in every letter assurances for what you ought to have found out years ago — his sincere and devoted love for you. Why, the admiration and appreciation he always expressed for "Winthrop, the whole-souled fellow," made me long to know you; and the truth is, I was more than half in love with you before he introduced us. So don't be ungenerous — you will get to doubting my love next.'

"I passed my examination to the satisfaction of both the faculty and myself. The next day was to be the day of days in student-life — 'Commencement Day.' I had just accompanied my uncle to the hotel, and re-

turned to my room for the night, when the door was opened, and Arthur St. Clair, with valise in hand and shawl upon his arm, entered. I cannot express my joy and gratification. I rushed at him, and on him, until—I have often thought since—he must have imagined my honors had driven me mad. I did not explain the twofold reason I had for my rejoicing, and the ardent greeting I gave him.

“‘Your heart is like a gushing fountain, Harry,’ he said; ‘and I am glad to find Miss Marié cannot exhaust the supply of pure, earnest love that is ever springing fresh and beautiful in it.’

“He had left your mother—still an invalid—by her own request, he said, and come to see me graduate, and hear my speech. He could stay but one day, and must return the next night. He had travelled right through, day and night,—and intended going back the same way,—was of course fatigued, yet we talked until daylight; then he dropped to sleep; and the breakfast-bell aroused us.

“Arthur escorted Marié to the Commencement, and my uncle sat among the distinguished guests. My theme was ‘Moral Greatness;’ and my ‘inspiration,’ Marié laughingly declared, was Arthur St. Clair.

“Well, I graduated; took first honor; the degree of A. M. was conferred upon Arthur; we attended a dinner, given by the President of the Alumni; and altogether, I spent a day of the most unalloyed and perfect happiness.

“At twelve that night I accompanied your father to the depôt, and he left for the South.

“I spent the summer at the different watering-places with my uncle, and had an embarrassing time; for, after the recollections of Commencement Day, with the honor and gratification he felt in being uncle, and guardian of the first-honor graduate, had passed away, he tried to reimburse himself for his liberality, by putting me upon short rations with pocket-money. The dinner I gave to the graduating class, by his express command, at the Tontine, had taken every dollar I had in my possession; and being recognized everywhere as the heir of my uncle, and the possessor of millions, the demands of society upon me were extravagant. I could not bear to be thought niggardly, or mean, and, consequently, I went in debt. We spent the winter in New York, and I tried, by speculating, to supplement the pittance so grudgingly doled out to me, by my miserly relative.

“Your father’s advice to me when he left me, was, ‘Go to work, Harry; study your profession; and don’t consent, with your prestige and talents, to be a pensioner on your uncle’s bounty. Make yourself independent, by mastering a profession that will support yourself and your family; then if—for that “if” stands in your way—if you do get your uncle’s property, you will be prepared to employ it usefully; and if you do not,—which is possible,—you will be able to do without it. Above all things, my dear Harry,’ he said, imploringly, ‘don’t consent, with your education, to be simply an appendage to your uncle.’ Your father knew my weakness, Fitz, for it had manifested itself a thousand times since he had known me.”

"You do yourself injustice, Mr. Winthrop; my father's testimony was very different. We know you, through his representation, only as the embodiment of all that is good, brave, and true."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mr. Winthrop, wiping his eyes; "he never made me an enemy. Oh, that I had been more worthy of his love! I will go on with my story, and you will see that he loved me, not because I had no faults, but in spite of them. I told you I went into speculating, instead of going into legitimate labor — and lost seven thousand dollars.

"I could not apply to my uncle, so, like all gamblers, I determined to risk more, in order to win back what I had lost, and I actually dared to get on my knees, and insult my Maker by begging him to help me win enough to pay my debts, and I solemnly vowed, if he would only help me this time, I would never touch a card again. I staked, and lost, played again and again, with no better result, until I became desperate. You see what I got, Fitz, for trying to dodge the curse that 'by the sweat of the brow' I should earn my bread. This trying to escape labor (and by that I mean *work*) is the cause of nearly all the trouble that is in this world. Men will turn any short corner to escape work. How is it with you at the South now? The most ignorant darkey will subject himself to be the ridicule of the world, and go to making idiotic speeches, rather than good flint-corn. I tell you it is the curse of the race, white and black, this intense hatred of legitimate labor, and if the

Southern boys would go to manly labor, and become intelligent, scientific mechanics, and build manufactories and manufacturing towns, the South would come up like a Phoenix from her ashes, and not the Northern States alone, but the whole world, would recognize her power. The South has advantages in her climate, and her working-class, unsurpassed in the world. Educate the colored man to know his true interest, and let him see that you believe what you teach, that 'there is no disgrace in labor,' and that the world over, 'ignorance on stilts is fair game.' The Southern people are the only true friends the negro has, and they know it now, and will know it better ten years hence, when they have proved the knaves who are deluding and making tools of them, to elevate themselves into positions where they may defraud and embezzle. Have patience; remember the faithfulness of your slaves to you during the war, and the dizzy height to which they have been elevated—not only put on an equality with you, but made your masters and given your property. Can you wonder that their heads have been turned, and that they act often like madmen, or idiots? I do not wonder; but wait patiently, until the reaction comes. Mind is power, and a return to common sense will show them that, if they wish to be prosperous and happy, they must respect the laws of honesty, justice, and truth. You are not wise at the South; you let unprincipled waifs take your places and teach your colored people what will ruin them, and you, too, while you stand by in

dignified silence. I don't tell you to go to the hustings and harangue them, but talk to them quietly, and let them feel that those who teach them to injure, insult, and despise you, are their enemies, and are urging them on to ruin. If the white race and the black race are to live together prosperous and happy, they must do so in peace. The South is a great field, and while the husbandmen are asleep, the enemy is sowing tares, which will bring a harvest of evil. If I were a leader among you, I would say, wake up and go to work ; build your manufactories, and put your school-houses right next door to them ; don't talk politics ; talk work, and let Cuffee see that politics are not the only things to be thought about, for they are the very meanest of all kinds of *-ties* ; besides, they will be bound to come right, when other things get straight. The owner of a large manufactory can, without opening his lips on the subject of politics, control several hundred votes ; for who would vote for Cudjoe, or any such scamp, if the men who supplied them with work, and built the school-house where they were taught to read and write, would consent to accept their suffrage. I am hopeful for the South, notwithstanding the terrible wrongs that are being perpetrated by the Government upon her, and if the young men of the South will only rise to the emergency, and not be entrapped, as I was, into all kinds of gambling schemes to evade work, all will be well. Don't forget,

‘The mill can never grind
With the water that has passed.’

And it is impossible for

‘—the blood of all the Howards,
To ennoble fools, or knaves, or cowards.’

“It is not poverty, but pretence, that makes us miserable. No man is poor who has health, strength, and character. But, dear me! how I have been led off. I am so anxious to prevent any one else shipwrecking on the rock that came so near foundering my little barque, that I never pass it without anchoring a buoy alongside of it. I will go on now.

“I had no profession, no trade; owed thousands of dollars, with no immediate prospect of paying it, and every prospect of being exposed to my uncle; for my creditors held this lash over my back to extort every farthing of my poor, miserable allowance from me. My clothes were worn; and the fact is, I slept, moved, and walked upon a volcano, which threatened every moment to explode beneath my feet.

“Since the great Maker of heaven and earth had disappointed me, by not going into the gambling business with me, I had resolved to make no more requests of Him. I smoked and drank, and was under the influence of tobacco and whiskey all the time. At length, I determined to leave the country, and place the ocean between my creditors and myself. This act, of course, would be equivalent to resigning all claim to my uncle’s property, and to the hand of one whom I felt too unworthy ever to marry. Marié, with woman’s unerring tact, suspected all was not right, and

entreated me to give her my confidence. She wrote: 'You are not happy, Harry, and I beg the privilege of sharing your sorrows, as I have done your joys, with you;' but I gave no confidence to either your father or Marié, — the facts were too humiliating. I resolved to go away, and leave them to find out my disgrace after I had gone. I wrote out my confession to your father, not attempting to excuse myself, for I knew I had no one but my own one self to blame. I had been too lazy to work, and there is only one other alternative — to steal; I had done that, and was now paying the penalty of my foolishness; and God knows there is no greater torment than to be in the crucible of debt.

"I sealed and directed my letter. I had devolved it upon your father to break the news to Marié; and sat thinking of the sorrow I was about to inflict upon the young and gentle girl who trusted me so confidently, when the door opened, and three or four of the sporting crowd my prospective wealth had attracted to me, came in.

"They rallied me on my sober looks; asked me 'if I was contemplating suicide,' — moral suicide, I said to myself. They called for cigars, liquor, and tobacco; and, after they had smoked, chewed, and drank, proposed that I should go down and 'try my luck' once more, saying,

'Fretting ain't no kind of use:
And, if the first throw fails,
Why, up and try again, that's all —
The coppers ain't all tails.'

“A year ago, this doggerel would have filled me with disgust: but liquor makes a beast of every man who drinks it. I caught at the suggestion, and repeated to myself, over and over, ‘The coppers ain’t all tails;’ and so I resolved to try my luck again. I staked recklessly, and lost everything, except the clothes I had on. I went to my room, and there, to my mortification, joy, surprise, grief—I found your father! My room was foul with pent-up tobacco-smoke; upon the table were unwashed glasses, and empty decanters, while dirty spittoons were at every chair. How different, I could but think, from any room he had ever occupied.

“He was lying on the lounge, but not asleep; and as soon as I entered, he rose to meet me. As he held my hand in his own warm clasp, he fixed on me his beautiful spiritual eyes, and said, as tenderly as a woman, ‘Is it well with the lad?’

“That was the text of the sermon to which I ascribed my conviction, and conversion, three years ago, and he could not have touched a chord that would have vibrated sooner; it broke my heart. I saw myself so low and debased, that I begged him to leave me, and not contaminate himself by remaining where I was. But he soothed me, comforted me, sympathized with me, until I threw my arms around his neck, and wept out my repentance.

“When I commenced my confession, he showed me my letter, and told me to spare myself, for ‘he knew it all; and only wanted to know what I was going to do about paying my debts.’

“I told him I was utterly insolvent; never could pay them, so I was going to run away from them.

“He looked at me sorrowfully, and said, ‘What has become of your sense of honor, Harry? When did you learn that two wrongs make a right? You must pay every dollar, and buy yourself free, for you are a slave now, to the most tyrannical master.’

“I told him it was utterly impossible, and to stay here with the sword of Damocles suspended over my head, I would not.

“The next morning he asked me to make a clear, and correct statement, of every dollar I owed, and after examining my accounts fully, he drew checks for the entire amount, and, handing them to me, said, ‘Now, Harry, you must go to work; commence the study of your profession, and either release Marié, or marry her.’

“‘Marry her!’ I exclaimed; ‘preposterous. Marié marry a beggar! I would scorn to ask such a sacrifice.’

“I asked him how he had happened in New York, at such an opportune moment? He drew from his pocket a letter from Marié to him, in which she made known her convictions; that ‘I was in trouble, some great trouble, and begged him to come on to my assistance.’

“Before he left New York, he called, and spent the entire morning with my uncle, which resulted in the old gentleman’s commissioning him to ‘rent a furnished house in the city,’ and my immediate marriage. Your father took dinner with us, in our new home, the day after I brought my bride to the city, and I went as far

South with him as Washington. That was the last time I saw him, Fitz. We were abroad six years after I graduated in law. My uncle sent me to investigate the affairs of his European business houses; and in that way we never met. My uncle died only a few months ago, so that I never had it in my power to pay my debt, which, with its added interest, amounts now to twenty-five thousand dollars. Your father and myself each of us insured our lives for ten thousand dollars, in two different life insurance companies; I have kept his policy paid up, and paid the war-risk, too; so that your mother will have twenty thousand dollars, from that investment.

"I wrote as soon as I got back, and directed my letters to Beaufort, but they have all been returned, through the dead-letter office."

"Papa, can't we borrow Fitz for a drive, if we solemnly promise to return him in time for dinner," said Lucie, coming up to them, dressed for the drive.

"Certainly, certainly," replied Mr. Winthrop, "and as Fitz and I intend going South next week, I would advise you to make the most of us while you have us, for I don't know when we will come back."





CHAPTER XXI.

THE MEETING BETWEEN FITZ AND HIS MOTHER.

IT was again Sabbath, and Fitz was going to church; only one week had passed since he went before, but how much had been crowded into it, and what depths and heights had he not reached; next Sabbath he would be with his own darling mother. His eyes sparkled, and his cheeks glowed, as the prospect came up before him. He was sitting opposite Mrs. Winthrop, in her elegant phaeton, waiting for the rest of the party to come out.

"Fitz, you actually look radiant this morning," said Mrs. Winthrop, as she observed his beaming smile.

"Do you mean radiantly beautiful, mamma mine?" said Lucie. "Papa and yourself have combined to spoil Fitz, — you never call me radiant," she said, pretending to pout.

"I mean radiantly happy, saucy one; and happiness, you know, is a great beautifier."

"Oh, let you alone, mamma. You are unequalled in the art of paying compliments; but you do not seem to be alone in your admiration of Fitz, for that party

in the carriage are sharing it with you, and staring like wild at him."

The carriage referred to was a public coach; framed in the window, was a lovely, pale, Madonna face, with exquisitely chiselled features, a close-fitting widow's cap, and crape veil. Fitz had not observed the coach until Lucie spoke: one glance, and with the exclamation, "mother!" he cleared the door with a bound, and stood at the window of the coach. No mother responded to the glad greeting, however, but an insensible form, was borne by the captain and Mr. Winthrop into the house.

"Is she dead?" weepingly asked Lucie.

"No, missis," said Maum Clarissa; "she 'spected to find Mass Fitz dead, but finding him well and happy, overcame her."

Fitz bathed the cold hands with his tears, and kissed the silent lips, while Mrs. Winthrop and the doctor applied restoratives.

"She never closed her eyes," explained the captain, "during the entire passage; and the reaction is too great."

"O mother! darling mother!" piteously cried Fitz, "it would be too hard to lose you now."

Mr. Winthrop was completely unmanned at the sight of the beautiful wreck, and wept aloud.

It was long before the sad, soft eyes unclosed: then they became fixed on Fitz, as though she was not certain it was he.

"It is your Fitz, mamma. We are at Uncle Win-

throp's, and I am happier than I ever expected to be in this world again."

A gentle pressure of the hand told him she knew what he was saying.

Hans — impulsive boy! — had written to her on the Sunday when Fitz was arrested. He only wrote a few lines, but enough to have made her cross the Atlantic, if her boy had been there. The letter read:

MRS. ST. CLAIR:

Fitz has gone, in ter rain, mit a constable, to the jail, for teafing diamonds. Ach mein Gott!

HANS.

Fitz arrested for stealing! What did it mean? Had his love for her induced him to commit this dreadful crime to supply her needs? Bitterly she reproached herself, for allowing him to make her such generous remittances. What could she have been thinking about, thus to sacrifice her child? But, no! it could not be! Nothing would have tempted Fitz to commit such a deed. Impossible!

Her constant prayer was: "O merciful Saviour, let me not lose my senses, until my child is safe." She thought she had suffered before, but this was the bitterest drop in her overflowing cup, and in agony, she prayed, "Let it pass from me, my pitying Saviour."

Only a few hours before, she had received the bright, cheerful, Christian letter, that Fitz wrote after his return from church, and the same mail had brought her, from one of those angels of mercy in Baltimore, -

fifty dollars to buy a sewing-machine. From her soul she had blessed the generous, Christian friends, whose whole mission since the war has been to send sunshine from their own bright, beautiful Athol, to the dark and desolated homes of our ruined South-land.

"What comfort this money will bring me," she said to Rena; "how it will save my poor, wept-out eyes to get a whole night's rest. I really began to realize to-day that I was

'Sewing with a double thread
A shroud, as well as a shirt.'

She had said "the money would bring her comfort," but how little she knew in what way; even before she had transferred it to her purse, that dreadful letter came, and the heaven-directed gift from "the blessed hand" enabled the crushed and broken-hearted mother, to go to her boy in a felon's cell.

She handed the bill to Uncle Jack, and told him to purchase a ticket for her, to go North; then falling on her knees, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, she prayed: "God of the fatherless and the widow, bless the people of Baltimore, who, in our destitution and sorrow, with generous hearts and patient hands, came to our relief. May they find in Thee, O Heavenly Father, a friend in time, in death, and in eternity." And to this prayer the whole South will say Amen; for in every household, the names of Howard, Thomas, Smith, Bankard, Gittings, and Harrison, the officers of that noble charity—the "Southern Relief Fair,"—are familiar

to the youngest child, and eternity only will reveal the misery and destitution relieved by their heaven-inspired charity. "Ye did it unto Me," says the Master. "Ye did it unto me."

Mrs. St. Clair took passage in the same steamer, in which Fitz had gone North. The Captain, after seeing her extreme feebleness, sent Uncle Jack for his wife, and offered her a free passage to go with Mrs. St. Clair as her nurse.

When they reached New York, Captain L—— took a carriage and accompanied Mrs. St. Clair in her search for Fitz, and they found him under the circumstances we have already described.

The Captain explained to him, as soon as he had an opportunity, the cause of his leaving the steamer so abruptly, the day he landed him in New York. He went up to a merchant's counting-house, he said, to try and get him a situation, which he succeeded in doing, and returned to find he had left the steamer for, no one knew where.

"His steps were heaven-directed," said Mr. Winthrop; "all things work together for good to those who love God."

Despite Mrs. St. Clair's most desperate efforts, she could not raise her head the day the *Adger* sailed for Charleston. So she had to stay over a trip, and old Aunt Clarissa went back "to take care of her children till Mistiss returned;" but the fact is, she was sent back for the family, Uncle Jack included.

Mr. Winthrop hired the faithful old fellow, for his coachman. One morning, as he was driving Mr. Win-

throp, and two other lawyers, into the city, to attend a political meeting, one of the gentlemen, with a sly wink at Mr. Winthrop, commenced a conversation with Jack.

"Uncle Jack," he asked, "won't you go in with us and give us a speech on the Amendment Bill, to-day?"

"Where's the mending to be done, master?" asked the old fellow; "'cause, if you don't make haste, and stop mending at the South, there won't be a speck of it left to mend."

"Well, Uncle Jack, can't you get up and tell them so, in the meeting? for there is more sense in your speech than we will have, if we simmer the speeches we are to be bored with, all into one."

"No, sir, I can't," promptly responded the old darkey. "Speeching ain't my trade—I warn't fotted up to speechify; I am Jack, but not Jack-of-all-trades; and I got too much respect for my broughten up, to make an ass of myself, and go to braying like some of my color do. Driving is my trade; I was raised at it; and it's powerful hard for an old dog to learn new tricks: so here's one what ain't going to try."

"You are right, old fellow; and it's a great pity more of your race had not your good sound sense."

"Boss, I don't mean to be unpolite, nor nothing of that sort, but the fact is, the cullud people ain't to blame; it's the low white folks, what swept down there for the pickings, that makes them make fools of themselves. They ain't succeeded in fooling all of us, though—they can't throw sand in old Uncle Jack's eyes. 'Spectable folk is the same everywhere, and if they ain't 'spectable here, coming South don't make

them so. They fret and fume, 'cause our white folk don't take them to their society. Why, they don't know what society is; they never was in society—good society, I mean—where they come from. If they had foted their letters with them, they would get into society soon enough. Mass Harry," he said, turning to Mr. Winthrop, "you've stayed months at a time in the South,—was you ever snubbed, or any of the rest of the Northern white folk, who used to come to Glendaire every winter?—did you ever see any of them ill-treated?"

"No, Uncle Jack; and no genteel Northerner, who knows what good breeding is, and has sense enough to behave himself, will 'be snubbed,' as you call it now."

"That's so, Mass Harry, and I think it's rale impident for these promiscuous white folk to 'speek to be invited by our Quality. The fact is," he said, scratching his wool, as if the words hung fire, "it would be a great 'sponsibility on the servants a-watching of them, marster."

This honest, plain avowal of Uncle Jack's opinion caused a roar of laughter.

"Uncle Jack," asked Colonel D——, "do you think the negro is a superior man, to the white man?"

"Yes, sir, I think he is."

"You do?"

"Yes, sir, I really does think the negro is a superior negro man; he ain't a white mau,—he warn't meant to be. God could have made him white, if He had wanted to; and he had a wise reason for not do-

ing it, I know. When I look in the glass and see my woolly head, and my black face, I know I don't belong to the white race; but, on the other hand, the white folk ain't any better off, for they don't belong to the black race,—so who's got the advantage? If color was all the difference between us, I wouldn't give a toss, for the odds is the difference; and to my thinking, when my old woman was a gal, she had the purtiest mahogany-colored face ever I seed, on white or black,—leastwise I wouldn't have swapped it for none. And I think it's mighty unthankful, when God took extra pains to color us, and kink up our hair, for us to be grumbling about it. We's all dissatisfied, though, Boss: the white mistisses paints their faces 'cause they ain't colored enough, and burns half the hair from their heads, to get it to kink up like colored folkses; and so we all go on changing God's work, as if we could improve it, 'stead of being satisfied as he made us. I would n't wonder if he should get angry, and turn us like zebras; then we could do as the leopard can't do — if we did n't like one spot, we could change our eye to another."

"Well, Uncle Jack, what do you think of this mixing up races — whites and blacks?"

"I just done telling you what I thought, Boss; 'tain't God's way. You ever see fowls and ducks mate, or turkeys and geese? We talks a heap about our sense, and don't positively show as much as a goose. We are poor creatures, the very best of us. I only wonder our foolishness don't wear God's patience clean out; but here we are. Whoa —"



CHAPTER XXII.

LIFE AT NEWPORT.

AS soon as the warm weather set in, Mr. Winthrop moved the entire family to Newport, and a happy family they were. The joy was so contagious, that even Mrs. St. Clair's pale, pensive face, was now sometimes lighted by a smile, so sadly sweet, it reminded one more of chastened sorrow than of joy, however.

During the first of the season, Rena and Lucie were inseparable, and Arthur and Fitz rode, drove, sailed, walked, read, and seemed to live only in each other's society.

After a time, they "changed partners," for Arthur preferred to have the lovely spirituelle Rena, with her dreamy brown eyes, transparent complexion, and low, gentle voice, to occupy the seat at his side behind his dashing bays, as he drove to Easton's Beach, and this arrangement made Fitz and Lucie dependent on each other for company.

"Surf-bathing" had been prescribed by the physician for Rena, but she was so timid, it was long before she could muster courage enough to venture.

The grandeur and sublimity, of the vast and mighty ocean, whose majestic billows broke in foam beneath her feet, and the tremendous roar of the surf, so intimidated her, that, again and again, she would return from the beach, and remove the jaunty bathing-suit, as dry as when she donned it.

Fitz used to say "she was waiting until she learned to swim, before she ventured to go into the water."

Lucie would plunge in, and scream with delight, as the breakers dashed over her head, and at length Arthur succeeded in getting Rena to venture, and was ever after, her self-appointed protector.

One day little Marié, who had been sitting watching the bathers very thoughtfully, said to her brother Arthur, who came and sat by her, (until the girls changed their bathing-suits,) "Brother Arthur, what makes you hold sister Rena, as if you were afraid the waves would wash her away from you?"

"I am afraid, little one, for sister Rena is such a frail little spirit, that when I am driving out sometimes, and the wind tosses her light curls, it startles me; I look to see if she has not been blown away."

"Would you be very sorry, Arty?"

"Would you?" asked he, by way of reply.

"Oh, ever so sorry," she said, "for sister Rena is the beautifullest, and best sister in the world; but I always feel like crying when I look in her eyes; they seem to be looking away off in the skies, after her papa, and her little sister May. Don't you never think so?"

"Yes, little Marié, sister Rena has known a world of sorrow, and, like Fitz, cannot get over her father's death. We must all unite and cheat her into forgetfulness."

"I unite all the time to do it," said Marié; "I have got some sugar-plums for her now," opening her little, chubby hand, and showing some half melted bon-bons, much to Arthur's amusement.

Rena and Lucie, although they attended no public balls, were the acknowledged belles of Newport.

"Have you seen the 'beautiful sisters'?" was the first question asked of all new-comers.

"What do they look like?" asked a young man, of an enthusiastic admirer.

"Look like? Why, like angels who have strayed out of paradise, as gentle and as spirituelle, as we imagine those pure spirits to be. They are so natural and unaffected, it is actually (in this age of artifice and sham) refreshing to see them."

"Why, old fellow, you are surely not in love with both of them, are you?"

"Yes, unfortunately I am, and with not the ghost of a chance of getting either, for Arty Winthrop will not let me get within speaking distance of Miss St. Clair, and until quite recently, St. Clair has monopolized Miss Winthrop."

"Until recently;" he spoke correctly, for Fitz was no longer to be found at Lucie's side. An estrangement seemed to have taken place, and a restraint and coolness marked their intercourse, greatly to the grief of the parents.

It was the first time Fitz had ever withheld his confidence from his mother, but she knew it was only for a time, and waited.

He would often bring a book into her room, and spend the morning reading to her, while Lucie, Rena, Arthur, and others would drive out to "Kendall's Mills," or spend the day amid the grove of sycamores, skirting the base of the hill, from whose summit the extended prospect of island and ocean spread out with most enchanting beauty.

To-day the whole family had gone to "Coasters' Harbor Island" for a picnic. Mrs. St. Clair had spent the day alone in her room. Late in the afternoon she walked out on the piazza, and was thinking sadly, yet gratefully, too, over her eventful past, when Fitz came up, and kissing her, seated himself at her side, leaned his head on her shoulder, and said, wearily,

"Rock me to sleep, mother;
Rock me to sleep."

"What has tired my poor boy?" asked his gentle mother, placing her soft, cool hand upon his fevered brow. "I had hoped he was one of the happy marooners to the island. Why did you not go, my son?"

"I did not wish to be in the way, mamma."

"Was that, under any circumstances, ever so, my boy?"

"I hope not; I take great care to prevent it."

"Fitz, has Lucie given you occasion to think your presence undesirable?"

“Lucie, mamma, do anything unkind? Oh, no! she could be no kinder to me, if I were her own brother.”

“And how is it with you, Fitz: are you as kind to her?”

“Mamma, I try to act as a young man in my circumstances should; I am too poor to compete for Lucie’s hand, with the wealthy suitors who are aspiring for the boon. She is lovely, accomplished, wealthy, worthy to form an alliance with the nobleman who is now addressing her. My position in the family gives me great privileges, but I scorn to take advantage of them, to ask any more than Lucie gives me — ‘a sister’s love.’ I cannot be ungenerous enough to stand in the way of her happiness.”

“Why should you accuse Lucie of what you would scorn to be accused of yourself? What have you ever seen, to make you arrive at the conclusion you have, namely, ‘that she is mercenary and calculating’?”

“No, no, mother; you misjudge me; far be it from me, to even think such a libel on the dear girl, much less insinuate it: I will be plain. Lord Mordaunt told me I ‘stood in the way of his suit;’ and I immediately withdrew. And I come to ask your consent to go to Europe, in October, with Hans, and prepare myself for my duties.”

“I must think it over, Fitz; for I am not at all sure that you are not crushing Lucie’s poor young heart, as well as your own.”

“Mother, dear mother!” he said, starting up, “don’t,

I beseech you, raise such hopes; and particularly when I have just succeeded in trampling them under my feet, as selfish and presumptuous. No, it has been a fierce struggle; but I have willed it, they shall die. Lucie shall not be sacrificed upon the altar of my selfishness, but go to the lordly home, she will adorn so greatly."

"Here she is now," said Mrs. St. Clair. "Why, my son, Lord Mordaunt is not with her," she said, reproachfully to him.

"I hope you are not sick, Lucie?" said Mrs. St. Clair, as Lucie came up.

"No, dear aunt; only bored to death with the long tedious day," she replied.

"Which the rest of the party found so delightful, they concluded to extend and come home by moonlight," said Mr. Winthrop. "Daughter and I left 'the Sycamores' two or three hours ago, and have had an invigorating drive, which I hope will do Lucie good; for I am afraid she is not well. She is always the last to tire of pleasure, but to-day has been so *distracte*, and quiet, that I took pity on her, and stole her away in advance of the party, — which, by the way, we promised to meet;" and offering his arm to Mrs. St. Clair, they walked off, saying to Fitz and Lucie, "Come on."

"I will not go, Fitz; but don't let me detain you," said Lucie, seating herself wearily upon the step.

"Lucie, I am afraid your father is correct; I hope you are not sick," said Fitz.

"Only a bad, weary headache," she replied.

"It must be a very bad one, to render my usually

happy sister, 'sad and *distracte*' for a whole day ; and in such charming company, too. I wish I had the power to exorcise it."

"It will tire of me, after awhile ; everything else does," she said, sadly.

"Everything bad, I am sure must —" he was saying ; but Lucie had left him.

"Lucie is not herself," he soliloquized ; then he recalled his mother's suggestion, and his heart beat wildly with delight, only to be chidden as presumptuous, assuming, arrogant ; and with a stern determination, he crushed down its passionate leaping.

"Can you tell me," said Mr. Winthrop, as soon as Mrs. St. Clair and himself were out of hearing, "what is the trouble between those dear children ? they both seem unhappy."

Mrs. St. Clair repeated to him, word for word, the conversation she had just held with Fitz.

"Just like the noble fellow," he said, "as though nature had not made him a greater nobleman than any peer of the realm. They were betrothed, you remember, in infancy, and it would be the greatest disappointment of my life, if it is not carried out in their marriage at a proper time —"

"But here comes our party."

Rena kissed her mother, and said, "There is soil enough on my suit to constitute it real estate, don't you think ? I will run and refresh myself."

"You are flushed, my child," said Mrs. St. Clair, retaining her hand, and looking anxiously at her. "I hope you have not taken too much exercise ?"

"Oh, no, mamma; a good cool bath will make me all right," she said, drawing away her hand, and evading her mother's inquiring glance.

Tea had been ordered in their own parlor, all declaring themselves too much fatigued to make an evening toilet for the *table d'hôte*. Fitz and Arthur walked upon the piazza; Lucie came quietly in, and, placing the sofa-cushion in the window, rested her head upon it.

"Rena must be making an elaborate toilet," said Mrs. St. Clair; "Clara, go, daughter, and tell sister Rena, supper is waiting!"

"Here she is," said Clara, as Rena entered, looking sweetly beautiful in her white Swiss, and pale blue ribbons. Arthur came into the room, as soon as he saw she was down, and, taking her by the hand, led her up to Mrs. St. Clair, saying, "Aunt Lucie, I have Rena's consent to ask a great gift at your hands."

"What is it, my son?"

"You have granted it, my mother," he said, kissing her; "I was going to beg the privilege of being your son, and claiming your precious daughter for my wife."

"Only on condition, that if I give my daughter to your parents, they will give Lucie to—" She broke down.

"To Fitz; with all our heart," said Mr. Winthrop.

"O papa, papa, how could you?" said Lucie, and her burning cheeks were buried in the pillow, to conceal the mortification she felt, at what she considered a most humiliating and indelicate proceeding,—her

father's offering her hand unsought, and to Fitz, too, who had left nothing undone to convince her he was not her suitor.

A very quietly spoken "Lucie," pronounced in tones that always thrilled her, made her look up, to read in a pair of glorious brown eyes, all the love her yearning heart craved. Clasp ing her in a warm embrace, he looked at Mr. Winthrop, and, with intense emotion, said, "I will try to prove worthy of the treasure to which I would not have dared aspire. You have made me too happy for words to express my joy." Then, leading Lucie to Mrs. St. Clair, he said, "Your daughter, mother," and the trembling girl gained composure on the bosom of that mother, who had learned by experience so well how to comfort and soothe.

It was eleven o'clock; tea still waited. Mr. Winthrop insisted the occasion had outgrown the repast, and ordered another, worthy of it, which was duly served.

"Brother Fitz, is sister Lucie your own dear sister now?" said Marié, who was conscious that some new ties had been formed, which she did not exactly comprehend, and which the inquisitive little creature was not at all content to remain in ignorance of, when by simply inquiring she could find out.

"No, Marié; but you are. 'Sister Lucie' insists upon it that 'two brothers are just as many as she wants,' so she declines being my sister."

"She does?" said Marié, evidently astonished. "Well, I think then, if I were her, and inclined to be your sister, I should just stop loving you quite so much. Why, brother Fitz, she's drawn a real splendid likeness of you in her —"

A hand, placed over the little tattler's mouth, prevented any further disclosures. Fitz, removing the hand, imprisoned it in his own warm clasp, and drew its blushing owner to the seat at his side, while Marié walked off, saying, "Hem! you don't seem to mind her inclining to be your sister much," and, concluding it was no use for her to make any further efforts to find out the exact state of affairs, she cuddled herself up in the arm-chair, and soon forgot her perplexities in the arms of morpheus.

The week after this eventful evening, the whole family returned to New York, and Fitz began immediately making arrangements to go to Europe with Hans.

Mr. Winthrop urged him to settle North, and offered him the greatest inducements to do so; but his invincible reply was, "Nothing on earth would induce me to leave my native State now, in her humiliation and poverty. No; I will live and die in South Carolina. I am going abroad to prepare myself to do valiant service for her, if hard study and unceasing labor can prepare me."

"But you own no property in South Carolina, Fitz, and I will give you, with my daughter, a handsome home in New York," said Mr. Winthrop.

“Thank you, sir; but my father’s heirs have the titles to his estate. ‘Glendaire’ belongs to us; we have never sold it, and I have faith to believe that the time is not far distant, when we will have a government honest enough to restore to us over three hundred thousand dollars worth of property, inherited from our Revolutionary sires, and confiscated for four years taxes. You are an honest, and a thinking man, and must see how unjust and criminal, such proceedings are. Our vast estate was sold by two persons, calling themselves United States Tax Commissioners, for a mere nothing, and Cudjoe, our blacksmith, brags ‘he has not paid the first dollar yet, of the trifling sum he promised to pay.’ One year’s crop would have paid our back taxes over ten times.

“No, sir, the emancipation of our slaves (over five hundred) I accept, as the penalty of our defeat, but I protest against my home being given to a lazy, thieving murderer, and my father’s family thrown houseless and homeless upon the world. Such acts are a disgrace to any government, and I believe there will yet be found in the halls of Congress, some brave spirit who, following the example of Marshal McDonald of France, in the Restoration of 1815, will introduce a bill to restore to us our confiscated property. Meanwhile, I am going abroad, and spend my time among the manufactories and machine-shops of Europe, for manufactories, (and intelligent manufacturers to carry them on,) are the great needs of the South. Mr. Ebaugh, who has only been in America one year, and

at the South half as long, says our State is one mine of untold wealth. He has already, by his geological knowledge, discovered one gold and two copper mines, and made many other discoveries, which will make him in two years 'as rich as he cares to be,' he says. I am convinced, if we can only have 'peace' once more, there will be no necessity for us to leave our native State to make fortunes, for the very soil under our feet holds it in charge, waiting to deliver it."

"Have peace?" said a lady guest; "what do you mean by having 'peace'? I thought peace had already come?"

"To you at the North," responded Mrs. St. Clair, sadly, "it has; but not to us. No—

"They are singing peace, but strangers tread
O'er the land where our fathers trod,
And our birthright joys, like a dream, have fled,
And Thou, where art Thou, O God?"

'They are singing peace; it's not there, not there
Where the oppressor's foot is set;
Roll back to the North its mocking cheer,
For there's no peace in the Southland yet.'

The President going back upon the solemn vows he took upon himself, when he was sworn into office, ignores our very existence; except to let loose the dogs of war upon us, to prey upon our mutilated, prostrate bodies, and to construe every groan, which is wrung from our tortured hearts, into a howl of disloyalty which can be manufactured into political capital, and

sanctions his giving another turn of the screw, and having our best citizens arrested, under the pretence that "they are Ku-klux," while the fact that "Grant's Vultures" not only are permitted to *live* in South Carolina, but to grow rich, and tread with iron heel upon the necks of gentlemen, ought to be proof enough to convince the veriest fools, that *no organization of the kind can exist*. The dungeons of our jails are filled with our best people. The little school-boy, and the old gray-headed patriarch, are huddled together in one loathsome cell, arrested on the testimony of ignorant and irresponsible negroes, who (one of our Charleston trial justices said) "could for twenty-five cents be hired to swear away a dozen lives." Men are bribed to counterfeit, and profess themselves "Ku-klux;" and to carry out the infernal political farce, confess to having perpetrated the most diabolical crimes, having the assurance beforehand, that they will be well paid, and pardoned. Oh, no; there is no "Peace" at the South. Here is a letter, dated April, 1872, which informs me that the president of one of our colleges (himself a graduate of Amherst, and the son of a distinguished Divine, a native of New England, who at the time of his death, only a few months ago, was the oldest Doctor of Divinity in Europe or America) was arrested while sitting in his parlor on Sabbath morning, preparing the lesson for his Bible class, (for this gentleman is an elder in the Presbyterian church; an accomplished scholar, and an elegant gentleman.) My correspondent writes: "Col. L. was arrested under a warrant for con-

spiracy; an old negro was trumped up, or hired to appear as a witness against him, and while giving in the testimony about 'hearing the Colonel swearing and seeing him shooting around,' the farce became so ludicrous, that both the accused and the accuser burst into a laugh." But what matters it? it gets into the papers North, that the whole State is an organized band of outlaws, and will help to gain votes for the President, who, forgetting he is President of forty millions of people (many of them borne down by tyranny and oppression), can think of nothing but how he can retain the office, which has made the fortunes of himself and his most remote kinsmen.

While our citizens are handcuffed, and cast into loathsome dungeons, he sends the Heir to the Throne on a pleasure excursion over Europe, and goes himself to Long Branch another — "Nero fiddling while Rome is in flames, and what hope is there for us."

In the halls of Congress no voice is heard in behalf of the white people of the South, who have no representatives there. When Lord Byron was in Parliament, a petition setting forth the wretched condition of the Irish was presented, and received with the utmost indifference. "Ah!" said Byron, "what a misfortune it was for the poor Irish, that they were not born black; they would then have had plenty of friends in both Houses."

We, like these poor Irish, unfortunately, were not born black, so we have to suffer for it; and year after year our enemies prevail upon Congress to pass the

most infamous laws, perpetuating our subjection to four million ignorant Africans. Our homes have been taken from us, and given to our former slaves, while we wander houseless and homeless over the earth. Would you call such a state of things "peace"? Our friends at the North say we must "have patience." We have had, until our poor refugees from the islands lie buried in every part of the country. They have gone, with their wrongs, to heaven, and patiently are waiting the great assize; but I tell you, no one knows what it is (until it has been tried) "to have patience," while your children are starving and dying before your eyes, and our whole land is filled with the moral wrecks which tyranny and oppression are making.

A few months ago Carolina's gifted son, Hon. William Gilmore Simms, the historian, novelist, and poet, passed away from earth. "Woodlands harp was mute," and the grand old man, friend and peer of Irving, Prescott, Cooper, Longfellow, Bryant, and Bancroft, was laid in the beautiful cemetery he had dedicated in song to its solemn use. He had toiled in the fields of literature for fifty years, and Europe and America united to honor him. "He belonged to the nation," Gail Hamilton said, "and his reputation is national;" and yet, in his old age, he often wrote all night in a room riddled by shells, and in less than six months, sent to the printer over three thousand pages of manuscript. He "waited patiently," uncomplainingly, amid the ashes of his once beautiful home, being compelled to borrow copies of his own works,

if he needed them for reference ; yet, uncomplainingly “he waited,” and forgot his own sad wrongs, to sing “Words of Cheer” and “Lays of Encouragement” to his humiliated, suffering people. He “had patience,” until health was gone, and despair came and broke his great heart. He fought bravely and struggled hard with fate, but at last said, “I am very weary ; let me go to rest.” Sweet be your sleep, dear, treasured friend. No monument tells “the nation” where you lie, for the people who love you, are too poor to give you anything but tears. Yet, in death, as in life, you are independent, for by your own works you have erected a prouder, and more enduring monument, than wealth could have procured you, and some day (maybe) “the nation” will return to right judgment, and feel how cruel it was to crush out such a brave, noble spirit as you possessed. Until then, we will try and “have patience.”

The young and gifted Timrod, too, Carolina’s sweet child of song, grew tired of “waiting,” and, unable to endure the sight of a wife and babe suffering for food, which he, while ground under the “iron heel,” was unable to procure for them, folded his bright pinions, and in life’s young morning laid him down and died. The contest was too fierce for his sensitive nature ; he shrank, appalled from it,

“and, without a strife,
Slipped in a moment out of life.”

Still, while these loved ones are dying daily around

us, "we are waiting" and painfully peering into the future, to catch one faint ray of hope, in the dark unfathomable.

"All is vague in vapor, hard to mark,
And the days darken round us and the years."

And we turn to the boys of the country, North and South, and say, redeem your country. Men are needed in the councils of the nation, statesmen, good and true. Fit yourselves for the places by hard study, and then go in and win them. When older men have club-houses, do you establish your lyceums, and conduct them so as to wipe out the deserved reproach many men bring upon their societies, no matter how sacred, by turning them into drunken orgies, where they assemble to make beasts of themselves, and disgrace their families. Take "the brave Confederate boy" I have pictured to you for your model. He is not a myth, but a living, working, thinking boy, who will be heard from some of these days, and his utterances will be clear and distinct when they are heard, too, for they will come from a brain enlightened and unclouded, not befogged with tobacco-smoke, or drunk with whiskey. Will you fall into rank with him? My word for it, he will be a safe leader. Enlist and save your country; you are her only hope. Will you hear the appeal in vain? Boys of the North, led by Arthur, as well as those of the South, will you rally, and let us have peace, prosperity, justice, and equity once more? You can do it. Every other hope has failed us, and we turn to you in this last extremity,

and say, "for the sake of your mothers and sisters, be men, good men, wise men, strong men;" for, be assured, if the men were not making themselves so "weak-minded," the women would not feel the necessity of becoming "strong-minded." It is woman's nature to cling, but she must have something to cling to — something strong and erect, that is not shaken down by every breeze of temptation that comes along. Women may pity weakness in men, but it would be contrary to every instinct of her woman's nature to admire, respect, or love a man for being weak. Only think of a family looking for guidance, support, and protection to a drunken husband and father; what sight is there upon earth more pitiable?

Never marry, boys, unless you intend to be true to your vows. You all have some imaginary "angel," whom you expect to call by the sacred name of "wife" some of these days. Are you preparing yourself to be the companion of an "angel?" Remember what Tennyson says:

"As the husband is the wife will be, and if you mate her with
a clown,
The grossness of your nature will have weight to drag her down."

If you are coarse, unrefined, and ignorant, I care not how lovely the woman (you make your wife) is, when you marry her,

.... "she will lower to your level day by day;
What was fine within her will grow coarse, to sympathize with
clay."

There is nothing now more common than to hear men talking disparagingly of "women." All the failures in business they attribute to "her extravagance;" but if you will observe carefully, as I have done, you will find that it is only weak, foolish men who have such wives. They admired flashy, dressy women, such as they met in the ball-room or in the streets, and have no right now to complain, as they do, that their pretty butterflies "can't work." They had no reason to expect they could; and then "she dresses too much," you say. If she loves you, of course she dresses as fine as she can; you fell in love with her finery, and she knows it,—she also knows your calibre, and has learned to know that the woman who can be-frizzle or bedress her, will surely rival her in your attention, so she (loving as she does) is resolved to retain your admiration, (for I will not dignify the feeling by the name of "love,") if she has to carry your whole income on her back to do it. Poor little creature, it is a terrible servitude, but her husband's taste demands it, and she thinks the stakes are worth the winning.

There is another thing, boys, you may set down as an axiom. Women never ruin men whose principles are fixed, whose minds are well balanced, and whose hearts are pure and good. You never hear this class of men speak of "the other sex," except with the reverence which the memory of a sainted mother throws around them. They are brave, strong men, and don't have to push their wives before them, to take the blame of all their mismanagement, inefficiency,

and intemperance. There is no surer mark of a craven-spirited sneak, than to hear him spinning out a long tirade against "woman." Shun such men, boys; they are unsafe companions, and would murder you for your pocket-book, as quick as they would rob the woman they solemnly swore to "love, honor, and cherish" of her reputation.

A "Southern gentleman" used to be the synonym of all that was gallant and chivalric. Make it so again, and let cravens know that they may not dare speak sneeringly of your mother's sex in her sons' presence. A debauchee of forty, steeped in crimes of the deepest dye, said his "first step in the downward path was learning to think and speak lightly of women." You cannot guard this point too carefully. The most touching and sacred form of love, the holiest, the purest, the deepest, of which human nature is capable, is found in woman's heart. Then, guard her reputation as a holy thing, and see to it, boys, young men, that no act or word of yours, in an unguarded moment, brands with a curse deeper than Cain's an innocent, confiding being, whose infant brow was bedewed with tears, as gentle as fell from your mother's eyes, whose childish steps were guarded with as tender a solicitude, and who, before she learned to love you, was the pride and darling of a happy home-circle; now, by your crimes, disgraced, desolated, ruined.

"Sowing wild oats," the world politely calls your hellish crime; but what a terrible harvest of infamy, despair, and woe is the result of the sowing. To the poor victim respect, affection, home, heaven, all is

forfeited. Society has no word of pity or forgiveness for an erring woman, no matter how young, or how sinned against. An outcast and a fugitive, she is driven, with her weary, longing, despairing heart, beyond its pale, where, forsaken and hopeless, in want and sin, she lives, and suffers, until death mercifully comes to close the dreadful drama. Don't be deceived, boys, by the glamour with which the world refines away sin, for the Bible (in language not to be misunderstood) warns you that "For all these things, God will bring you into judgment," and, as a murderer of both soul and body, you will be condemned, and eternally punished. "Keep your heart (therefore) diligently, for out of it are the issues of life."

It is not recorded that when the blessed Saviour was upon earth, there was numbered among His enemies, or persecutors, one woman; but, on the contrary, "woman was found last at the cross, and earliest at the sepulchre." When upon His trial, even the Governor's wife (a stranger to Him) pleaded for His release; and see how lovingly He always received the ministrations of woman, and how tenderly He soothed their sorrows and sympathized in their afflictions — weeping with them over their dead, and when in the agonies of death, after the cruel nails had pierced His hands and feet, He forgot His own grief and torture to provide a protector for His mother. See, too, the selection He made — "the beloved disciple" — the gentle, loving John. Ah! He who knew all things, knew the necessity of love to woman's nature. In all the teachings of the Saviour we find no reproach cast upon woman;

on the contrary, He delighted to honor her. It was to a woman Christ first confided the secret of His spiritual mission, and in the hour of His triumph He conferred upon woman the honor of proclaiming a "Risen Saviour" even to Apostles; and she has been true to her commission ever since. The ministers of Christ still find in her their truest friend, and from her lips hear words of comfort and consolation, as cheering as the message she conveyed when the Risen Saviour made her "an Apostle unto Apostles."

With this plea for woman, I close my little book. I have no ambition to see her a legislator, but I would have men legislate for her, and society do her justice. Brand the man whose plaything is woman's reputation, and whose innocent pastime is destroying the peace and happiness of families, as a fiend, or a madman, and visit upon him the utmost vengeance of the law, instead of refining away his sins and hunting his victim to the grave and into perdition, for not so taught the blessed Saviour. He said, "Thy sins are forgiven; go and sin no more."

We are not pleading for "women's rights," but for the redress of women's wrongs, and if I can gain for her one champion among the young men, who will soon fill our pulpits and be the law-makers of our land, my end will be accomplished. By the punishment of sin, society must be purged; but let the penalty fall alike on the tempter and the tempted, and do not offer a premium to the one, and inflict the extremest sentence of the law upon the other, for mercy and justice both cry out against it.



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